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UNDER PAROLE OF HONOR—THE EX-OFFICERS OF THE EX-CONFEDERATE ARMY IN CONGRESS.

SENATOR BURNSIDE. "I can realize no contingency that would make him violate his parole.........Let us feel and know that the Government has ample power to protect itself, and that the people will never again sit idly by and allow treason to gather head."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

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HOW TO ELECT A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT.

IT is natural that in the present political situation there should be thoughts of a third party, and there are reports from Washington of conferences lately held there upon the subject. But those who would prevent the perils of a Democratic restoration must see that the effort to organize a new party at this time could end only in the election of a Democrat in 1876. There is no doubt that a clear majority of the people of the country distrust the Democratic party; and while they do not question the patriotism or the high character of men like Governor TILDEN and some others, they doubt the power of such men to direct their party. There has always been very little independence among Democratic leaders. They fear the following which they flatter and to which they yield. Even a man of the character of Senator THURMAN, with his eye upon the Presidency, takes occasion to allude to the Roman Catholic as "the grand old Church." The Senator was thinking of the Irish vote.

There is this difference between the two parties, that the mass of those who are inclined to the Republican organization are better and wiser than their leaders, while the Democratic leaders are very much safer than the mass of their party. In deciding upon his political action, therefore, the voter must look over the shoulder of Governor TILDEN and Senator THURMAN, and see what stands behind them. He will see there many of the most dangerous elements and tendencies in the country. The surviving passions of the war; the kind of barbarism and impatience of law which slavery breeds in the society in which it has long existed; jealousy of the negro; hostility to the common-school system; extravagant dogmas of State sovereignty; the most relentless party tyranny—these and such as these are the tendencies and influences which are massed behind the Democratic leaders, and it is to these, not to an ideal Democratic party, that the government of this country would be intrusted in the event of a Democratic success.

But while there is scarcely one of the Republican leaders who commands the enthusiasm and confidence of the party, the voter can see over their shoulders the great mass of those who sustained the war, and who gladly approved the principles of reconstruction—a compact multitude of industrious and intelligent voters, trained to obey the law and to seek the remedy of all evils in the courts, and not by revolution and intimidation and every form of lawlessness. And it is because the leaders have not responded to the convictions and demands of this following that they have forfeited the party confidence, and have been deserted at the polls. The country is not in the party sense Democratic, yet it hesitates to sustain the Republican party. The problem, then, is how to reunite the majority in the only organization which can hopefully contest the election with the Democrats. And there is but one way in which it can be done. To attempt the formation of a new party, which would have no recruits from the Democrats, is mere suicide. Yet to push stolidly on in the course which has been pursued for some time is destruction quite as sure.

The policy of Republican recovery, then, is the nomination in 1876 of a candidate wholly free from any complicity with the policy which has alienated the sympathy and support of the country, and the adoption of a platform which shall show a spirit of profound confidence in the principles of free constitutional government, and a resolution to secure honest and economical administration by prompt return to specie payment and judicious reform of the system of the civil service. Such a nomination and such a platform would be in themselves the evidence that malign counsels in the dominant party were abandoned, and that those who have been always Republican and who would still prefer to act with their old organization might return with the old zeal and confidence. The Republican party, so renewed, would elect a President in 1876, for the real strength of the Democratic party to-day is nothing but the fear that the late Republican course which has devided the party can not be arrested. Once show that it can be and shall be, and the schism is healed.

If this can not be done, the Democrats will succeed in 1876. If it is to be done, every man who wishes it must begin to work at once. The work is to be done in the newspapers, in the primaries, and the conventions. If every leading Republican paper would say distinctly that it is inflexibly opposed to the renomination of General GRANT, and for good reasons which it should state, the work would be begun. The renomination of General GRANT would dissolve the Republican party. He was supported, if not elected, in 1872 by the votes of those who sustained him as a choice of evils. It is unnecessary to say that that was not our position. But if he should be renominated, every intelligent Republican in the country would know that it was not the fair and free expression of the wish of the party, and all those voters of 1872 of whom we speak, with an immense addition, would refuse to vote, or would sustain the Democratic candidate, or would vote for a third man. The Republican party, we repeat, would be dissolved by the renomination of General GRANT; and if we were asked whether, in view of the present condition of the Southern States, of the menace of the White League, and of possible civil confusion, he would not be sustained and elected, we say without hesitation that we believe the country, by an immense majority, would prefer to take the risks of his defeat rather than of his election. The President has had it in his power for many months to do an immense service to his party and to the wishes of all patriotic men in the country by distinctly declaring that he would not accept a renomination. His silence has furnished one of the most powerful arguments against the Force Bill, which he favored. Every day that he has declined to answer has dealt a blow at the party by encouraging the suspicion that he tolerated the idea. And since, either because he does or does not entertain the thought, the President declines to declare himself, the Republican party must speak. Let its press give no uncertain sound, and let every Republican State Convention of the year echo the resolution of the New Hampshire Republicans, that it is "unalterably opposed" to a third term.

This, of course, is but removing an obstruction. Every delegate to every convention should be a man whose views upon the tendencies which have brought the party into discredit should be clearly known, and his courage should also be approved. It is not enough to differ from the general tendency indicated by the Force Bill, and supported by those in Congress who do not command the respect of intelligent men; there must also be bravery enough to declare that difference audibly and with effect. Nothing has been more disheartening during the late session than the timid silence of those who it was known did not approve the tendency of affairs. Before the adjournment let us hope that some adequate expression may be given to that dissent, some expression which shall be in the name of the party itself a peremptory challenge to this tendency, and a declaration that the party control and direction will be vigorously contested. For that is precisely what we propose, that, instead of trying to build a new vessel which can not be finished in time for the voyage, the old one be remanned, and headed for the port of justice and liberty under the Constitution, which all Republicans profess to seek. Shall we say it can not be done? But why not? The party is every where discontented and divided. It is the latter-day policy which has made it so. Yet no Republican, however protesting and dissatisfied, wishes the Democrats to succeed. Let us therefore change the policy and unite the party, for Republican union is victory in 1876.

HOME RULE.

LAST week we alluded to the difference between the Democratic Governor of New York and the Democratic Mayor of the city. The Mayor at last yielded, and sent to the Governor, as he had requested, the documents upon which he based his removal of certain city officers. The COSTIGAN bill, which leaves the Mayor free to remove without reference to the Governor, has not passed the Senate, and the Governor therefore has not been called to act. The Democratic organs in the mean time are vociferously asserting that nothing could be more harmonious than the family, and nothing less to be feared than any kind of jar. But it remains true, nevertheless, that the Mayor is resolved to put out the Comptroller if he can, and that the Governor will not approve the removal except for conclusive reasons. It is therefore a difference in which every tax-payer in the city is interested, and which necessarily affects the harmony of the party. It has a still farther significance. The views of "home rule" held by the Mayor and Mr. JOHN KELLY, who controls Tammany Hall and favors the COSTIGAN bill, are very different from those of Governor TILDEN and of other leaders of the party more distinguished, if not more powerful, than Messrs. KELLY and WICKHAM.

Governor TILDEN's doctrine upon the subject of removals is stated in his Message to the Legislature at his inauguration. The approved system in New York, he affirms, is to distinguish between the power of electing or appointing the officer and that of holding him to account—"to retain in the collective state a supervisory power of removal;" and the Governor adds that the wide dispersion of the appointing power has become possible only by preserving the accountability to the State. The principle of the COSTIGAN bill is that the Mayor shall appoint, with the consent of the Aldermen, and remove for cause, which, in the absence of reference to any other authority, is removal at pleasure. Here is a radical difference in the interpretation of "home rule," and most persons who have thought upon the subject will have little hesitation in sustaining the Governor's view.

To require the concurrence of the Governor is to secure with much more certainty than by leaving the unchecked power to the Mayor the very object sought, that is, removal for cause, and not for whim or arbitrarily. There is no evasion of the responsibility which is so desirable; for if the Mayor submits valid reasons for a removal, and the Governor lightly overrules them, it is the Governor who will be held to strict account; while, with the knowledge that his reasons are to be reviewed by the Governor and judged by the people, the Mayor will be very wary of his conduct. There is no question that the power of removal of the sheriffs, which is vested in the Governor, is an admirable provision, which has been approved in practice. Governor TILDEN's view is undoubtedly sound, and he has shown ample vigor in defending and enforcing it. Should the COSTIGAN bill reach the Executive Chamber, the Governor would be sustained in a veto by the great mass of intelligent Republicans, as well as by the best opinion of his own party.

THE MINORITY LOUISIANA REPORT.

WE advise every voter to read carefully the report of the minority of the Louisiana committee. It is long, but a fair statement of the situation could not be very short. That situation is lamentable, and indeed it could hardly be otherwise. Slavery had utterly poisoned the State, and the laws of 1865 and the massacres and corruptions since that time are but the anarchy to be expected. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that in the condition of society which exists in Louisiana there is not necessarily an intimidation of the colored vote. The knowledge of the organization of the White League throughout the State, an armed conspiracy of the late master class, is itself a permanent intimidation, as the Ku-Klux was. Nor have we seen it any where urged that the spirit which led to the DOSTIE massacre, and that of Coushatta and Colfax, has seriously changed, or that there is any reason that it should change. Does any intelligent man believe that the negro in Louisiana, or in many parts of the Southern States, votes, or can vote, with the same fearlessness that the Irishman votes in the Northern States? We do not say, indeed, that the fact justifies the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, but it is foolish to deny that it is a fact. That there was false registration, as the majority report asserts, is undoubtedly true, but that does not disprove intimidation. It is also true that it may have been the interest of the Conservatives not to frighten the colored vote at the last election; but the interest of the master to treat the slave well did not secure his good treatment, and it is the general feeling and practice, not the policy at a particular election, which determine intimidation.

Yet after making this powerful presentation of the sad condition of affairs, the report does not recommend the Force Bill, although Messrs. HOAR and FRYE are supposed to favor it. This is a very important point, for in endeavoring to understand the Southern situation it must not be forgotten that a large part of the ill feeling toward the negro is due to the conviction that he is the power that sustains fraud in the State administration, and that with all this ill feeling and half anarchy there is no evidence of rebellious spirit against the United States. Undoubtedly there are fools and fanatics and men who worship "the lost cause," and undoubtedly also there is a general desire among the whites, who are Democrats, that their party should obtain control of the national government. But there is no object to be gained by the Southern whites in open rebellion or in warring upon the Union; and not only are they without an object, but they are absolutely without resources, and they would now find a terrible and desperate enemy at home.

The minority report says very truly that the two great parties in the Northern States are largely responsible for the situation in Louisiana. If the Democrats had sternly repelled all political complicity with murder, and the Republicans with fraud, the Southern difficulty would have been greatly lessened. It is evident, however, that the bayonet alone is no more a remedy for the trouble in the Southern States than it has been in Ireland; and if by the passage of the Force Bill the Republicans should proclaim the bayonet as their policy, they would soon discover how monstrous and fatal a blunder they had committed.

THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC ADDRESS.

THE late address "To the People of the Southern States" by the Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress from those States is an exceedingly skillful paper drawn by very sagacious politicians. They are gentlemen whose residence in Washington and whose close observation of the sentiment of the country have shown them the feeling and the policy which are approved by the great mass of intelligent people. The advice of the address, therefore, is conformed to that sentiment, and its signers, as representative Democrats, present themselves as counselors of moderation, respect for equal rights, and patient obedience to law. The address charges some of the Republican leaders with endeavoring to revive the animosities of the war, but it declares confidence in the independent press and in the judgment of good citizens for a vindication of the truth, and hopes for friendly reunion, because the real interests of every part of the country demand a patriotic fraternity. It begs "a brave people," therefore, to endure every thing, to welcome and protect every man of every opinion who comes to settle in the Southern States and to share their fortune, and, above all, to guard every right of the colored man, to prove to him that the interest of white and black is the same, and to respect and protect him in every way. And in the event of the most oppressive and unconstitutional measures against them, the address prays the white people of the Southern States to be calm, and to rely for relief upon the virtue and sense of justice of the American people.

The address is brief, well written, and enjoins a feeling and conduct which would instantly cement the union more closely than ever. If the whites of the Southern States would respect the equal rights of the blacks, secure fair elections, and appeal to the courts, and not to the Ku-Klux, White League, and revolution to remedy evils, there would be no question of force bills or of any kind of trouble. And if it were believed, if facts and precedents and reason and common-sense justified the belief that this would be the consequence of Democratic success, that success would be assured. But the first and strongest impression the address produces is its sharp contrast with the actual conduct of affairs and condition of opinion among the Southern Democrats. Reading the ghastly history of color legislation and of political crimes in the Southern States, it is not possible to resist the conviction that the advice of the address is proffered to those who can neither comprehend it nor would practice it. Perhaps some of the gentlemen who sign it wish that this could be the feeling and conduct of their party constituents, but they can not expect that it will be.

Yet they may be very sure that the whole country will rejoice when it sees that this advice has been heeded. When White Leagues are disbanded; when Democratic Conventions cease to call themselves the white man's party; when they insist upon dealing with the colored citizen "honestly and fairly" instead of denouncing the "tyranny" of "the usurper" at Washington; when white Republicans are no longer derided and treated as "white niggers;" when revolutionary methods are abandoned; when the newspapers cease to excite every hateful passion; when it is plainer than now that the feeling of the active and controlling leaders of public opinion and action is due to the "scalawaggeries" and frauds and local misrule, rather than to race and partisan hate, as in part it undoubtedly is;

when the local white Democratic authorities are prompt and earnest in the prosecution and punishment of offenses against the negroes—we shall believe that the good advice of the Democratic address has begun to bear fruit.

In the mean while it stands only for a wish, and the success of the Democratic party, which the address is intended to promote, would unquestionably tend to prevent the fulfillment of the wish. The remedy for the evils of the situation is a friendly and wise Republican rule, which recognizes the extreme difficulty in the Southern States of reconciling the old and the new order; which makes every allowance for conditions springing from the past; which does not expect in Louisiana the harmonious order of Massachusetts; which, now that slavery, the root of bitterness, is extirpated, trusts much to the American principle of local rule, and takes many risks indispensable to the existence of free institutions; which is represented in the Southern as in all the States by Federal officers honest, capable, and more patriotic than partisan; and which avoids the least sign of complicity with political fraud for any purpose whatever. This policy is possible for a Republican, but not for a Democratic Administration, which would be accepted as a *carte blanche* for the very mischiefs against which the address advises. Among the signatures to the address there is one which is an exquisite satire upon its purport; for among those who exhort their friends to patience and moderation and good temper and conciliation is John Young Brown, of Kentucky, who so conspicuously exhibited his own in the House of Representatives.

SENATOR CONKLING'S SPEECH.

The ardor with which the late speech of Senator Conkling upon Louisiana has been attacked by the Democratic papers shows how annoying it was to them. It was announced that he was to speak, and the speech was awaited with great interest, not only because of his conceded ability and oratorical power, but because of his chivalric friendship for the President, and the warm partisanship which has made him so conspicuous a Republican leader. That his speech was very effective, the galleries, crowded and intent for two days, testified. That it was a masterly and powerful arraignment of the Democratic party, was evident even from the abstracts in the daily papers. That it was a vivid picture of the disorders in the Southern States, and a plain exposure of the fact that they were greatly due to the studied want of Democratic co-operation in reconstruction, and the deliberate Democratic resolution to make it appear a failure, and to that end to encourage local disturbance, will easily be believed by those who have watched in political sympathy with the Senator the course of events in the Southern States. Nothing, indeed, is more absurd than the claim that the Democrats peculiarly respect the Constitution or are averse to military interference. The Fugitive Slave Act, one of the reckless offenses of the Democratic party in its insolence of power, was grossly unconstitutional, as the greatest statesmen in the country showed at the time; while the Democratic employment of the army in Kansas in support of the most flagrant and enormous frauds, and of the persecutions and murders of American citizens solely because they sought to plant a free American State, was one of the most daring crimes against liberty in the history of the English race.

These truths are strongly stated by Mr. Conkling, and they are conclusive against the expectation that the return of the Democratic party to power would secure a more sincere respect for a Constitution which guarantees liberty, and is most jealous of military interference. It is the part of all good citizens to take care that a political organization with the traditions and spirit of that party be excluded from the control of the government. And it is peculiarly the duty of Republicans to maintain in every honorable way the ascendency of their own party. Mr. Conkling's speech aims to do this. He said that the campaign of 1876 had been opened by the Democrats, and his speech was one of the most important contributions to it. Of course the Republican ascendency is not to be maintained by repeating the offenses of the Democrats, and one of their chief offenses was the unlawful use of military force, or its use to sustain revolting and unconstitutional laws. Border ruffians were protected in their raids upon Kansas. Anthony Burns, as innocent a man as Franklin Pierce, was marched into slavery. And the power of the United States in Democratic hands did it. Mr. Conkling touches the picture with great skill and effect.

The object of Mr. Conkling's speech was to show that there have been immense misrepresentation and distortion of facts, and that the purpose of the Democrats in their speeches has been partisan and not patriotic. He declares his wish that some policy of pacification may be proposed, and promises his hearty support to any party that shall propose it. He can hardly think that the Force Bill embodies such a policy, and we shall look with great interest for his part in the debate should the bill, contrary to our hope, reach the Senate. Mr. Conkling is a leader whose responsibility is very great. It is, we know, exceedingly hard in Washington to understand the drift of public and party opinion. But the elections show. It is undoubtedly true that if every Republican stood by every thing that is done in the name of the party, the party would not be imperiled. But it is also true, and more to the purpose, that they will not and do not, as the elections prove. Republicans are very independent and intelligent, and it can not be too often repeated that it is not those who refuse to sustain a wrong policy, but those who originate it, who are responsible for the result.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The tragical calamity at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Andrew, in the city of New York, again shows how constant is the peril arising from the criminal negligence and stupidity of those to whom for the time the safety of human beings is intrusted. That the shell of the burned building which fell upon the church should have been left standing is an offense which the Building Department will find it very difficult to explain. It is, indeed, simply unpardonable. The event proves that it could not withstand such a gust as might strike it at any moment, and the Inspector of Buildings should have known that fact. That he thought it was strong enough is no excuse, and its fall is his condemnation.

Another circumstance calls for severe censure. The doors of the church opened in; and although they were not locked, as at first reported, the pressure of the panic-stricken crowd kept one of them from being opened, leaving only one avenue of escape. There is no question that the doors of public buildings ought always to open outward. Nothing is more remarkable than the slowness with which the most obvious and necessary improvements make their way. It is plain that for great halls in which crowds are likely to assemble, among whom a panic may arise at any moment, the means of escape should be most ample, and subject to no obstruction in moments of terror. But there are very few public rooms in the country which are even tolerably ventilated, and very few in which a sudden panic would not cause the most shocking results in the frenzy to escape by means which stupidity had barred or failed to provide. Upon this occasion the clergymen of the church seem to have retained their self-command, and to have endeavored to restrain and pacify the terrified throng. But their efforts were of course useless. For all such catastrophes somebody is guilty. Who is to blame for this?

THE FOURTH OF JANUARY.

We invite those Republicans who complained of our assertion that Governor Kellogg had no legal right to order the troops into the State-house in New Orleans on the 4th of January to observe that not only did the President not assert that right in his message, nor Senators Frelinghuysen and Conkling in the debate, but that Mr. Hoar's report, which took the most favorable view of the affair possible, does not affirm the legality of Governor Kellogg's action, saying of General De Trobriand that "whether the officer had warrant for his action or not," etc.—a phrase which shows that, as lawyers and good citizens, the committee knew that he had not. The plea that the Governor could command the troops under the requisition of September is not made by the President nor by the committee, both anxious to say all that could be said. Indeed, the plea could not be truthfully made, for on the 13th of December General Emory asked the precise question whether, in case of trouble, he was to regard the September instructions as in force, or "await the result of another application from Governor Kellogg to the President?" This question was evaded in Washington, although, if the September requisition was then considered in force, there is no conceivable reason that the Government should not have said so. Its refusal to take that ground in reply to the direct inquiry is conclusive evidence that it did not think the September requisition still valid. And it is for that reason that the President did not say that it was so in his message, but, on the contrary, said, expressly, "No orders nor suggestions were ever given to any military officer in that State upon that subject [the interference] prior to the occurrence."

Mr. Hoar's report states, what has been alleged in many speeches and articles, that the Governor's illegal action prevented a scene of blood. That is possible; but not only was there no need that the Republicans should remain in the room (for they should have withdrawn and organized elsewhere), but if military interference was necessary to save bloodshed, there was no reason that it should not have been made legal, as General Emory had especially, and with a view to the very event that occurred, requested. Moreover, it now appears by the statement of Mr. Hoar's report that the danger of trouble arose solely from the illegal action of the Returning Board, so that the final truth is, by consent of all parties, that Governor Kellogg illegally employed United States troops to enforce the illegal decision of the Returning Board. All the testimony, therefore, the message of the President, the speeches in the Senate, Republican as well as Democratic, the documents submitted to the Senate from the War Department, and the reports of both of the committees of investigation, fully justify what we said at the time, upon the statement of Governor Kellogg himself, that a great wrong had been committed in Louisiana with the apparent approval of the Administration. We shall be very glad if Mr. Wheeler's compromise be adopted and the irritation somewhat allayed.

PERSONAL.

New York is coming on admirably in benefactions. It is understood that Mr. D. Kingsland, one of our most estimable and liberal townsmen, has the intention to establish and endow an American College of Music, in which musical instruction and the rendition of the works of the great masters shall be the prominent objects. It is proposed to erect a building three hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide, with a magnificent tower. The first story will be used for business purposes, stores, entrances, offices, library, and will contain a superb hall for fairs, conventions, etc., and also a large banqueting hall and private dining-rooms. The second story will contain the stage, orchestra, and parquet. The object of giving publicity to these facts thus early is to secure timely "moral support." An appeal is made to every friend of pure music, to every philanthropist, to aid American girls—the "Daughters of America"—to whom the institution will be dedicated.

—On the 10th of February, 1855, twenty years ago, Vice-President Wilson took his seat in the United States Senate as the successor of Edward Everett. Of the sixty-one other gentlemen who occupied seats in the Senate at that time, thirty-seven have passed away, and of the twenty-four who survive, the only one now in the Senate is Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. The latter has not, however, served continuously as a Senator, having meanwhile served as Vice-President, as Governor of Maine, and as Collector of the port of Boston. Mr. Wilson has kept an autograph album, in which he has obtained the signatures of all with whom he has sat in the Senate, accompanied by the dates of their birth. The signatures now number 260, embracing many of the greatest and some of the worst public men of this generation.

—At a recent meeting of the Missouri Historical Society at St. Louis there were presented an autograph letter of Edwin Booth, and a bottle of wine which formerly belonged to the Emperor Napoleon III., and bore his imperial stamp. It is not stated what the society did with the wine or the bottle. We presume, however, that they drank the former and filed away the latter. That is the usual course.

—The new United States Senator elect from Minnesota, Chief Justice M'Millen, is of Scotch descent, about forty-five years of age, an untiring worker and close student. He has always been regarded as a safe and careful judge, and his character is without a blemish. He will enter upon the broader and more exalted career of a Senator of the United States, with its various and arduous duties and responsibilities, free from all political association that might tend to corrupt his mind or warp his judgment. Judge M'Millen was one of the pioneer settlers of Minnesota, having taken up a residence in Stillwater some years before the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State. He was one of the first District Judges elected after the State's admission into the Union.

—M. Geoffroy, formerly French secretary of legation at Washington, where he married a daughter of Mr. Riggs, the banker, and now minister at Pekin, is in Paris on leave. He came back by way of Rome, at the invitation of the Pope, who wanted to thank him for certain protection he had given to the Chinese Catholic converts of the French missionaries in China.

—The recent death of the three brothers Delafield in this city, aged respectively eighty-one, eighty-three, and eighty-five, and their burial on the same day, has probably never been paralleled in this country, and perhaps not in the world. An instance somewhat similar, however, occurred in New Haven on the 10th of February last, when William C. Atwater, aged eighty-one, and his sister, Miss Martha Atwater, died on the same day, and the funeral of both took place at the same time on the Sunday following.

—Mr. Robert Townsend, of the Junior Class in Columbia College, has been awarded by his classmates the Goodwood Cup, he having been decided by them to be the most popular man in his class. This is considered the highest mark of honor in an under-graduate's career at Columbia. The presentation of the cup will take place in May.

—Jonathan Whipple, of Groton, Connecticut, the founder of the Whipple School for Deaf-Mutes, died recently, at the age of eighty years. He was a Rogerine Quaker. What a Rogerine Quaker is we are unable to state, though we have spent some weeks ransacking encyclopedias in the hope of finding out what occasioned that schismatic outgo from orthodoxy. But old Mr. Whipple was a man of intelligence and probity, and of strong constitution, else he couldn't have survived so long in Groton. Living there, it is not surprising that he was extremely obstinate and eccentric. Universal peace was one of his hobbies, and he was one of the organizers of the society for its promotion. Since its organization we have had the American rebellion, the Franco-Prussian and other great conflicts. But it is a good society.

—The United States Senator elect from New Jersey, Mr. Randolph, is one of those cunning men. He makes things. Recently he has received a patent for a stitching machine, and one of the best plows in use is his invention. He is now evolving from the depths of his inner consciousness an implement for harrowing his political opponents in the Senate.

—A portrait of Jefferson Davis has been added to the gallery of the War Department at Washington. This has been done under a law authorizing the collection of the portraits of the Secretaries of War during the different Federal administrations.

—The contributions to the teachers' and pupils' fund of the Agassiz memorial at Boston amount to $9192, from 86,696 persons.

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks, one of Boston's particularly eloquent preachers, has been chosen president of the Massachusetts Art Teachers' Association.

—Dr. Hager, of Berlin, believing that aniline colors are poisonous in their action upon the human skin, suggests that woolen garments colored with the aniline dyes should not be worn next the skin.

—Another of New York's most useful and estimable citizens has passed away—Mr. Shepherd Knapp—whose name was familiar as household words with the financial men of the country, among whom he had for over a quarter of a century occupied a commanding position. The Mechanics' Bank under his sagacious, conservative management became one of the most successful banking institutions in the city, and, indeed, in the United States. He was, moreover, an active and valuable member of some of our most useful corporations for benevolent purposes, and for many years held the position of Chamberlain of the city of New York. His strong common-sense, clear head, and sunny temper will be long remembered by those who had the advantage of his personal acquaintance.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Both Houses of Congress held sessions on Washington's Birthday. The Indian, Pension, and Military Academy Appropriation bills passed the Senate, and the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, amounting to $6,000,000, passed the House. On February 23 the Senate passed the Post-office Appropriation Bill, with the clause repealing the Pacific Mail subsidy, and also the Army Appropriation Bill.—The Supplementary Immigration Bill passed the House February 22. Its design is to prevent the importation of persons for improper purposes.—The House, February 23, rejected the Tariff and Tax Bill as reported by the Ways and Means Committee, and passed a substitute proposed by Mr. Dawes. The new bill taxes whisky to be made hereafter ninety cents a gallon, increases the tax on tobacco from twenty to twenty-four cents a pound, on cigars from $5 to $6 a thousand, and on cigarettes from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The duty on sugar and molasses is increased twenty-five per cent., and the duty of ten per cent. is restored on woolens, iron, and steel.—The committee on Louisiana affairs submitted majority and minority reports to the House February 23.—The Senate, February 24, passed bills for the admission of Colorado and New Mexico as States.—The bill to regulate the mode of counting the electoral vote for President and Vice-President by the two Houses in joint session passed the Senate February 25. Under the rule as it now stands, when objection is made to any certificate of election, no vote can be counted except by the concurrent action of both Houses. The effect of this is to throw out the electoral vote of any State if either House is a dissentient. The new bill simply proposes that it shall require the affirmative action of both Houses to reject a vote.

A terrible calamity occurred at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Church, corner Duane Street and City Hall Place, in this city, on the evening of February 25, caused by the falling of the wall of an adjoining building that had recently been burned. The church was crowded at the time to its utmost capacity, the majority of the worshipers being women and children. It was about half past eight o'clock, and the officiating priest was in the middle of his discourse, when suddenly there was a low rumbling sound that startled every one who heard it. The clergyman stopped abruptly and listened, and the congregation sat in terror, not knowing what the strange noise meant. The next moment a mass of bricks came tumbling through the ceiling, carrying with it the beams, roofing, and the greater part of the plastering. A panic ensued at once, men, women, and children rushing headlong for the doors, and trampling each other on the way. Many leaped from the galleries, and some through the windows into the street. Several persons were crushed to death, and many were injured. Five dead bodies were taken from the building, and twenty-nine severely wounded persons were carried to the hospital, while many others, not so seriously injured, fled to their homes.

The steam-ship *Vicksburg*, from Fernandina and Port Royal, for New York, was totally wrecked near Fire Island, February 25. The passengers and crew were all rescued.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Assembly passed the bill for the organization of a Senate, February 24, by a vote of 448 to 241. The Senators are to be elected by colleges composed of Deputies of the Assembly, Councilors General, Councilors of Arrondissements, and delegates from municipalities. Senators representing departments and colonies are to sit nine years, one-third of their number being elected every three years. Those chosen by the Assembly are irremovable. On the day following the Assembly passed the Public Powers Bill by a vote of 436 yeas to 262 nays. The clause implying a recognition of the republic, which had a majority of only one on January 30, was finally adopted by 433 to 262. President M'Mahon telegraphed M. Buffet, President of the Assembly, calling on him to form a new ministry.

Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent English geologist, died February 22, in his seventy-eighth year.

Still another Roman Catholic outrage is reported from Mexico. A Protestant Bible-reader has been assassinated by the papists at Vista Hermosa. There is intense excitement throughout the country.

It is stated that the British government has accepted from Spain, as indemnity for the *Virginius* outrage on British subjects, £500 sterling for each white and £300 sterling for each black man murdered.

The steam-ship *Hong-Kong*, from London for Japan, foundered off the island of Abd-el-Curia, in the Indian Ocean, and six persons were drowned. Eighteen others are also missing. The bark *Bell Hill* was lost off the Irish coast, with thirteen of her crew.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* reports that the German government has received a memorial from the Protestant clergy of Spain complaining that liberty of worship is threatened. Similar memorials have been forwarded to other Protestant powers in Europe and to the United States.

A LEGITIMATE QUESTION ABOUT HOME RULE.—[SEE ARTICLE, "A DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE," PAGE 218.]

U. S. REPUBLIC. "To whom do you owe your first allegiance?"

HON. F. KERNAN (*from New York* [?]). "This is a very embarrassing position to be placed in."

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST!

MY letter from Mr. Playmore, inclosing the agent's extraordinary telegram, was not inspired by the sanguine view of our prospects which he had expressed to me when we met at Benjamin's house.

"If the telegram means any thing," he wrote, "it means that the fragments of the torn letter have been cast into the house-maid's bucket (along with the dust, the ashes, and the rest of the litter in the room), and have been emptied on the dust heap at Gleninch. Since this was done the accumulated refuse collected from the periodical cleansings of the house during a term of nearly three years—including, of course, the ashes from the fires kept burning, for the greater part of the year, in the library and the picture-gallery—have been poured upon the heap, and have buried the precious morsels of paper deeper and deeper day by day. Even if we have a fair chance of finding these fragments, what hope can we feel, at this distance of time, of recovering them with the writing in a state of preservation? I shall be glad to hear, by return of post if possible, how the matter strikes you. If you could make it convenient to consult with me personally in Edinburgh, we should save time, when time may be of serious importance to us. While you are at Doctor Starkweather's you are within easy reach of this place. Please think of it."

I thought of it seriously enough. The foremost question which I had to consider was the question of my husband.

The departure of the mother and son from Spain had been so long delayed, by the surgeon's orders, that the travelers had only advanced on their homeward journey as far as Bordeaux when I had last heard from Mrs. Macallan, three or four days since. Allowing for an interval of repose at Bordeaux, and for the slow rate at which they would be compelled to move afterward, I might still expect them to arrive in England some time before a letter from the agent in America could reach Mr. Playmore. How, in this position of affairs, I could contrive to join the lawyer in Edinburgh, after meeting my husband in London, it was not easy to see. The wise and the right way, as I thought, was to tell Mr. Playmore frankly that I was not mistress of my own movements, and that he had better address his next letter to me at Benjamin's house.

Writing to my legal adviser in this sense, I had a word of my own to add on the subject of the torn letter.

In the last years of my father's life I had traveled with him in Italy; and I had seen in the museum at Naples the wonderful relics of a by-gone time discovered among the ruins of Pompeii. By way of encouraging Mr. Playmore, I now reminded him that the eruption which had overwhelmed the town had preserved, for more than sixteen hundred years, such perishable things as the straw in which pottery had been packed, the paintings on house walls, the dresses worn by the inhabitants, and (most noticeable of all in our case) a piece of ancient paper, still attached to the volcanic ashes which had fallen over it. If these discoveries had been made after a lapse of sixteen centuries, under a layer of dust and ashes on a large scale, surely we might hope to meet with similar cases of preservation, after a lapse of three or four years only, under a layer of dust and ashes on a small scale? Taking for granted (what was perhaps doubtful enough) that the fragments of the letter could be recovered, my own conviction was that the writing on them, though it might be faded, would certainly still be legible. The very accumulations which Mr. Playmore deplored would be the means of preserving them from the rain and the damp. With these modest hints I closed my letter; and thus for once, thanks to my Continental experience, I was able to instruct my lawyer.

Another day passed, and I heard nothing of the travelers.

I began to feel anxious. I made my preparations for my journey southward overnight, and I resolved to start for London the next day—unless I heard of some change in Mrs. Macallan's traveling arrangements in the interval.

The post of the next morning decided my course of action. It brought me a letter from my mother-in-law, which added one more to the memorable dates in my domestic calendar.

Eustace and his mother had advanced as far as Paris on their homeward journey, when a cruel disaster had befallen them. The fatigues of traveling and the excitement of his anticipated meeting with me had proved together to be too much for my husband. He had held out as far as Paris with the greatest difficulty; and he was now confined to his bed again, struck down by a relapse. The doctors, this time, had no fear for his life, provided that his patience would support him through a lengthened period of the most absolute repose.

"It now rests with you, Valeria," Mrs. Macallan wrote, "to fortify and comfort Eustace under this new calamity. Do not suppose that he has ever blamed or thought of blaming you for leaving him with me in Spain as soon as he was declared to be out of danger. 'It was *I* who left *her*,' he said to me, when we first talked about it; 'and it is my wife's right to expect that I should go back to her.' Those were his words, my dear, and he has done all he can to abide by them. Helpless in his bed, he now asks you to take the will for the deed, and to join him in Paris. I think I know you well enough, my child, to be sure that you will do this; and I need only add one word of caution before I close my letter. Avoid all reference not only to the Trial (you will do that of your own accord), but even to our house at Gleninch. You will understand how he feels, in his present state of nervous depression, when I tell you that I should never have ventured on asking you to join him here if your letter had not informed me that your visits to Dexter were at an end. Would you believe it?—his horror of any thing which recalls our past troubles is still so vivid that he has actually asked me to give my consent to selling Gleninch!"

So Eustace's mother wrote of him. But she had not trusted entirely to her own powers of persuasion. A slip of paper was inclosed in her letter, containing these two lines, traced in pencil—oh, so feebly and so wearily!—by my poor darling himself: "I am too weak to travel any farther, Valeria. Will you come to me and forgive me?" A few pencil marks followed; but they were illegible. The writing of those two short sentences had exhausted him.

It is not saying much for myself, I know—but having confessed it when I was wrong, let me at least record it when I did what was right—I decided instantly on giving up all further connection with the recovery of the torn letter. If Eustace asked me the question, I was resolved to be able to answer truly: "I have made the sacrifice that assures your tranquillity. When resignation was hardest I have humbled my obstinate spirit, and I have given way for my husband's sake."

There was half an hour to spare before I left the Vicarage for the railway station. In that interval I wrote again to Mr. Playmore, telling him plainly what my position was, and withdrawing at once and forever from all share in investigating the mystery which lay hidden under the dust heap at Gleninch.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OUR NEW HONEY-MOON.

IT is not to be disguised or denied that my spirits were depressed on my journey to London. To resign the one cherished purpose of my life, when I had suffered so much in pursuing it, and when I had (to all appearance) so nearly reached the realization of my hopes, was putting to a hard trial a woman's fortitude and a woman's sense of duty. Still, even if the opportunity had been offered to me, I would not have recalled my letter to Mr. Playmore. "It is done, and well done," I said to myself; "and I have only to wait a day to be reconciled to it—when I give my husband my first kiss."

I had planned and hoped to reach London in time to start for Paris by the night mail. But the train was twice delayed on the long journey from the north; and there was no help for it but to sleep at Benjamin's villa, and to defer my departure until the morning.

It was, of course, impossible for me to warn my old friend of the change in my plans. My arrival took him by surprise. I found him alone in his library, with a wonderful illumination of lamps and candles, absorbed over some morsels of torn paper scattered on the table before him.

"What in the world are you about?" I asked.

Benjamin blushed—I was going to say, like a young girl; but young girls have given up blushing in these latter days of the age we live in.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he said, confusedly. "Don't notice it."

He stretched out his hand to brush the morsels of paper off the table. Those morsels raised a sudden suspicion in my mind. I stopped him.

"You have heard from Mr. Playmore!" I said. "Tell me the truth, Benjamin. Yes, or No?"

Benjamin blushed a shade deeper, and answered, "Yes."

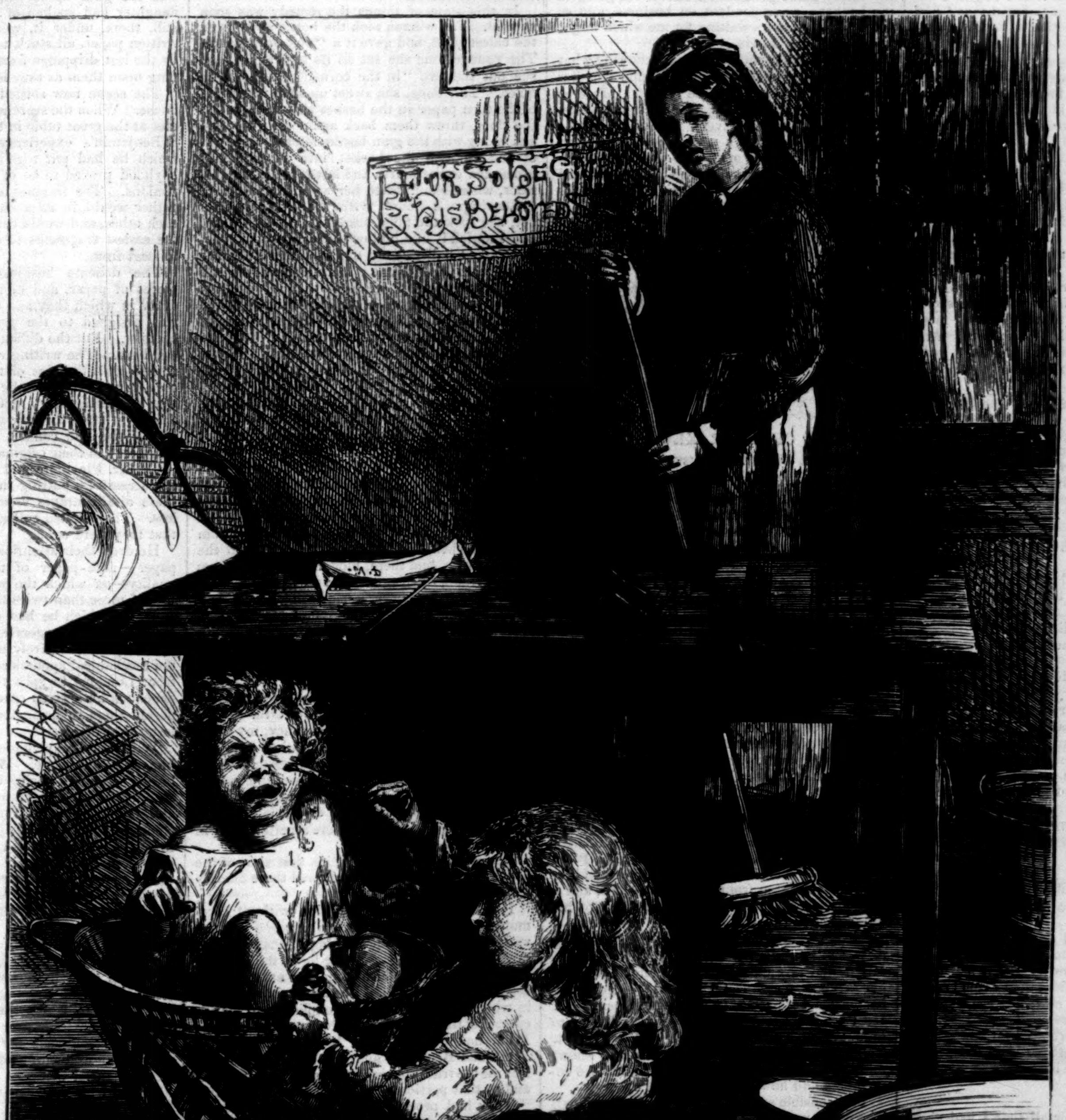
"Where is the letter?"

"I mustn't show it to you, Valeria."

This (need I say it?) made me determined to see the letter. My best way of persuading Benjamin to show it to me was to tell him of the sacrifice that I had made to my husband's wishes. "I have no further voice in the matter," I added, when I had done. "It now rests entirely with Mr. Playmore to go on or to give up; and this is my last opportunity of discovering what he really thinks about it. Don't I deserve some little indulgence? Have I no claim to look at the letter?"

Benjamin was too much surprised and too much pleased with me when he heard what had happened to be able to resist my entreaties. He gave me the letter.

Mr. Playmore wrote to appeal confidentially to Benjamin as a commercial man. In the long course of his occupation in business it was just possible that he might have heard of cases in which documents had been put together again after having been torn up by design or by accident. Even if his experience failed in this particular, he might be able to refer to some authority in London who would be capable of giving an opinion on the subject. By way of explaining his strange request, Mr. Playmore reverted to the notes which Benjamin had taken at Miserrimus Dexter's house, and informed him of the serious importance of "the gibberish" which he had reported under protest. The letter closed by recommending that any correspondence which ensued should be kept a secret from me—on the ground that it might excite false hopes in my mind if I



"THE YOUNGEST OF THE TWO HAD GOT INTO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET."

was informed of it. I now understood the tone which my worthy adviser had adopted in writing to me. His interest in the recovery of the letter was evidently so overpowering that common prudence compelled him to conceal it from me, in case of ultimate failure. This did not look as if Mr. Playmore was likely to give up the investigation on my withdrawal from it. I glanced again at the fragments of paper on Benjamin's table, with an interest in them which I had not felt yet.

"Has any thing been found at Gleninch?" I asked.

"No," said Benjamin. "I have only been trying experiments with a letter of my own, before I wrote to Mr. Playmore."

"Oh, you have torn up the letter yourself, then?"

"Yes. And to make it all the more difficult to put them together again, I shook up the pieces in a basket. It's a childish thing to do, my dear, at my age—"

He stopped, looking very much ashamed of himself.

"Well," I went on, "and have you succeeded in putting your letter together again?"

"It's not very easy, Valeria. But I have made a beginning. It's the same principle as the principle in the 'Puzzles' which we used to put together when I was a boy. Only get one central bit of it right, and the rest of the Puzzle falls into its place in a longer or a shorter time. Please don't tell any body, my dear. People might say I was in my dotage. To think of that gibberish in my note-book having a meaning in it, after all! I only got Mr. Playmore's letter this morning, and—I am really almost ashamed to mention it—I have been trying experiments on torn letters, off and on, ever since. You won't tell upon me, will you?"

I answered the dear old man by a hearty embrace. Now that he had lost his steady moral balance, and had caught the infection of my enthusiasm, I loved him better than ever.

But I was not quite happy, though I tried to appear so. Struggle against it as I might, I felt a little mortified when I remembered that I had resigned all further connection with the search for the letter at such a time as this. My one comfort was to think of Eustace. My one encouragement was to keep my mind fixed as constantly as possible on the bright change for the better that now appeared in the domestic prospect. Here, at least, there was no disaster to fear; here I could honestly feel that I had triumphed. My husband had come back to me of his own free-will; he had not given way, under the hard weight of evidence—he had yielded to the nobler influences of his gratitude and his love. And I had taken him to my heart again—not because I had made discoveries which left him no other alternative than to live with me, but because I believed in the better mind that had come to him, and loved and trusted him without reserve. Was it not worth some sacrifice to have arrived at this result? True—most true! And yet I was a little out of spirits. Ah, well! well! the remedy was within a day's journey. The sooner I was with Eustace the better.

Early the next morning, I left London for Paris by the tidal train. Benjamin accompanied me to the terminus.

"I shall write to Edinburgh by to-day's post," he said, in the interval before the train moved out of the station. "I think I can find the man Mr. Playmore wants to help him, if he decides to go on. Have you any message to send, Valeria?"

"No. I have done with it, Benjamin; I have nothing more to say."

"Shall I write and tell you how it ends, if Mr. Playmore does really try the experiment at Gleninch?"

I answered, as I felt, a little bitterly.

"Yes," I said. "Write and tell me if the experiment fails."

My old friend smiled. He knew me better than I knew myself.

"All right!" he said, resignedly. "I have got the address of your banker's correspondent in Paris. You will have to go there for money, my dear; and you *may* find a letter waiting for you in the office when you least expect it. Let me hear how your husband goes on. Good-by, and God bless you!"

That evening I was restored to Eustace.

He was too weak, poor fellow, even to raise his head from the pillow. I knelt down at the bedside and kissed him. His languid, weary eyes kindled with a new life as my lips touched his. "I must try to live now," he whispered, "for your sake."

My mother-in-law had delicately left us together. When he said those words the temptation to tell him of the new hope that had come to brighten our lives was more than I could resist.

"You must try to live now, Eustace," I said, "for some one else besides me."

His eyes looked wonderingly into mine.

"Do you mean my mother?" he asked.

I laid my head on his bosom, and whispered back,

"I mean your child."

I had all my reward for all that I had given up! I forgot Mr. Playmore; I forgot Gleninch. Our new honey-moon dates, in my remembrance, from that day.

The quiet time passed in the by-street in which we lived. The outer stir and tumult of Parisian life ran its daily course around us unnoticed and unheard. Steadily, though slowly, Eustace gained strength. The doctors, with a word or two of caution, left him almost entirely to me. "You are his physician," they said; "the happier you make him, the sooner he will recover." The quiet monotonous round of my new life was far from wearying me. I too wanted repose—I had no interests, no pleasures, out of my husband's room.

Once, and once only, the placid surface of our lives was just gently ruffled by an allusion to the past. Something that I accidentally said reminded Eustace of our last interview at Major Fitz-David's house. He referred, very delicately, to what I had then said of the Verdict pronounced on him at the Trial; and he left me to infer that a word from my lips, confirming what his mother had already told him, would quiet his mind at once and forever.

My answer involved no embarrassments or difficulties: I could, and did, honestly tell him that I had made his wishes my law. But it was hardly in womanhood, I am afraid, to be satisfied with merely replying, and to leave it there. I thought it due to me that Eustace too should concede something, in the way of an assurance which might quiet *my* mind. As usual with me, the words followed the impulse to speak them. "Eustace," I asked, "are you quite cured of those cruel doubts which once made you leave me?"

His answer (as he afterward said) made me blush with pleasure. "Ah, Valeria, I should never have gone away, if I had known you then as well as I know you now!"

So the last shadows of distrust melted away out of our lives.

The very remembrance of the turmoil and the trouble of my past days in London seemed now to fade from my memory. We were lovers again; we were absorbed again in each other; we could almost fancy that our marriage dated back once more to only a day or two since. But one last victory over myself was wanting to make my happiness complete. I still felt secret longings, in those dangerous moments when I was left by myself, to know whether the search for the torn letter had or had not taken place. What wayward creatures we are! With every thing that a woman could want to make her happy, I was ready to put that happiness in peril rather than remain ignorant of what was going on at Gleninch! I actually hailed the day when my empty purse gave me an excuse for going to my banker's correspondent on business, and so receiving any letters waiting for me which might be placed in my hands.

I applied for my money without knowing what I was about, wondering all the time whether Benjamin had written to me or not. My eyes wandered over the desks and tables in the office, looking for letters furtively. Nothing of the sort was visible. But a man appeared from an inner office: an ugly man, who was yet beautiful to my eyes, for this sufficient reason—he had a letter in his hand, and he said, "Is this for you, ma'am?"

A glance at the address showed me Benjamin's handwriting.

Had they tried the experiment of recovering the letter? and had they failed?

Somebody put my money in my bag, and politely led me out to the little hired carriage which was waiting for me at the door. I remember nothing distinctly, until I opened the letter on my way home. The first words told me that the dust heap had been examined, and that the fragments of the torn letter had been found!

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DUST HEAP DISTURBED.

MY head turned giddy. I was obliged to wait and let my overpowering agitation subside before I could read any more.

Looking at the letter again, after an interval, my eyes fell accidentally on a sentence near the end, which surprised and startled me.

I stopped the driver of the carriage at the entrance to the street in which our lodgings were situated, and told him to take me to the beautiful park of Paris, the famous Bois de Boulogne. My object was to gain time enough in this way to read the letter carefully through by myself, and to ascertain whether I ought or ought not to keep the receipt of it a secret, before I confronted my husband and his mother at home.

This precaution taken, I read the narrative which my good Benjamin had so wisely and so thoughtfully written for me. Treating the various incidents methodically, he began with the Report which had arrived, in due course of mail, from our agent in America.

Our man had successfully traced the lodge-keeper's daughter and her husband to a small town in one of the Western States. Mr. Playmore's letter of introduction at once secured him a cordial reception from the married pair, and a patient hearing when he stated the object of his voyage across the Atlantic.

His first questions led to no very encouraging results. The woman was confused and surprised, and was apparently quite unable to exert her memory to any useful purpose. Fortunately her husband proved to be a very intelligent man. He took the agent privately aside and said to him, "I understand my wife, and you don't. Tell me exactly what it is you want to know, and leave it to me to discover how much she remembers and how much she forgets."

This sensible suggestion was readily accepted. The agent waited for events a day and a night.

Early the next morning the husband said to him: "Talk to my wife now, and you will find she has something to tell you. Only mind this—don't laugh at her when she speaks of trifles. She is half ashamed to speak of trifles even to me; thinks men are above such matters, you know. Listen quietly, and let her talk, and you will get at it all in that way."

The agent followed his instructions, and "got at it" as follows:

The woman remembered perfectly well being sent to clean the bedrooms and put them tidy after the gentlefolks had all left Gleninch. Her mother had a bad hip at the time, and could not go with her and help her. She did not much fancy being alone in the great house, after what had happened in it. On her way to her work she passed two of the cottagers' children in the neighborhood, at play in the park. Mr. Macallan was always kind to his poor tenants, and never objected to the young ones round about having a run on the grass. The two children idly followed her to the house. She took them inside along with her, not liking the place, as already mentioned, and feeling that they would be company in the solitary rooms.

She began her work in the Guests' Corridor, leaving the room in the other corridor, in which the death had happened, to the last.

There was very little to do in the first two rooms. There was not litter enough, when she had swept the floors and cleaned the grates, to even half fill the house-maid's bucket which she carried with her. The children followed her about, and, all things considered, were "very good company" in the lonely place.

The third room (that is to say, the bed-chamber which had been occupied by Miserrimus Dexter) was in a much worse state than the other two, and wanted a great deal of tidying. She did not much notice the children here, being occupied with her work. The litter was swept up from the carpet, and the cinders and ashes were taken out of the grate, and the whole of it was in the bucket, when her attention was recalled to the children by hearing one of them cry.

She looked about the room without at first discovering them.

A fresh outburst of crying led her in the right direction, and showed her the children under a table in a corner of the room. The youngest of the two had got into a waste-paper basket. The eldest had found an old bottle of gum, with a brush fixed in the cork, and was gravely painting the face of the smaller child with what little remained of the contents of the bottle. Some natural struggles on the part of the little creature had ended in the overthrow of the basket, and the usual outburst of crying had followed as a matter of course.

In this state of things the remedy was soon applied. The woman took the bottle away from the eldest child, and gave it a "box on the ear." The younger one she set on its legs again, and she put the two "in the corner" to keep them quiet. This done, she swept up such fragments of the torn paper in the basket as had fallen on the floor, threw them back again into the basket, along with the gum bottle, fetched the bucket and emptied the basket into it, and then proceeded to the fourth and last room in the corridor, where she finished her work for that day.

Leaving the house, with the children after her, she took the filled bucket to the dust heap, and emptied it in a hollow place among the rubbish, about half-way up the mound. Then she took the children home; and there was an end of it for the day.

Such was the result of the appeal made to the woman's memory of domestic events at Gleninch.

The conclusion at which Mr. Playmore arrived, from the facts submitted to him, was that the chances were now decidedly in favor of the recovery of the letter. Thrown in nearly midway between the contents of the house-maid's bucket, the torn morsels would be protected above as well as below when they were emptied on the dust heap.

Succeeding weeks and months would add to that protection by adding to the accumulated refuse. In the neglected condition of the grounds, the dust heap had not been disturbed in search of manure. There it had stood, untouched, from the time when the family left Gleninch to the present day. And there, hidden deep somewhere in the mound, the fragments of the letter must be.

Such were the lawyer's conclusions. He had written immediately to communicate them to Benjamin. And thereupon what had Benjamin done?

After having tried his powers of reconstruction on his own correspondence, the prospect of experimenting on the mysterious letter itself had proved to be a temptation too powerful for the old man to resist. "I almost fancy, my dear, this business of yours has bewitched me," he wrote. "You see, I have the misfortune to be an idle man. I have time to spare and money to spare. And the end of it is that I am here at Gleninch, engaged on my own sole responsibility (with good Mr. Playmore's permission) in searching the dust heap."

Benjamin's description of his first view of the field of action at Gleninch followed these characteristic lines of apology.

I passed over the description without ceremony. My remembrance of the scene was too vivid to require any prompting of that sort. I saw again, in the dim evening light, the unsightly mound which had so strangely attracted my attention at Gleninch. I heard again the words in which Mr. Playmore had explained to me the custom of the dust heap in Scotch country-houses. What had Benjamin and Mr. Playmore done? What had Benjamin and Mr. Playmore found? For me the true interest of the narrative was there, and to that portion of it I eagerly turned next.

They had proceeded methodically, of course, with one eye on the pounds, shillings, and pence, and the other on the object in view. In Benjamin the lawyer had found what he had not met with in me—a sympathetic mind, alive to the value of "an abstract of the expenses," and conscious of that most remunerative of human virtues, the virtue of economy.

At so much a week, they had engaged men to dig into the mound and to sift the ashes. At so much a week, they had hired a tent to shelter the open dust heap from wind and weather. At so much a week, they had engaged the services of a young man (personally known to Benjamin), who was employed in a laboratory under a professor of chemistry, and who had distinguished himself by his skillful manipulation of paper in a recent case of forgery on a well-known London firm. Armed with these preparations, they had begun the work—Benjamin and the young chemist living at Gleninch, and taking it in turns to superintend the proceedings.

Three days of labor with the spade and the sieve produced no results of the slightest importance. However, the matter was in the hands of two quietly determined men. They declined to be discouraged. They went on.

On the fourth day the first morsels of paper were found.

Upon examination, they proved to be the fragments of a tradesman's prospectus. Nothing dismayed, Benjamin and the young chemist still persevered. At the end of the day's work more pieces of paper were turned up. These proved to be covered with written characters. Mr. Playmore (arriving at Gleninch, as usual, every evening on the conclusion of his labors in the law) was consulted as to the handwriting. After careful examination he declared that the mutilated portions of sentences submitted to him had been written, beyond all doubt, by Eustace Macallan's first wife!

This discovery roused the enthusiasm of the searchers to fever height.

Spades and sieves were from that moment forbidden utensils. However unpleasant the task might be, hands alone were used in the farther examination of the mound. The first and foremost necessity was to place the morsels of paper (in flat card-board boxes prepared for the purpose) in their order as they were found. Night came; the laborers were dismissed; Benjamin and his two colleagues worked on by lamp-light. The morsels of paper were now turned up by dozens, instead of by ones and twos. For a while the search prospered in this way; and then the morsels appeared no more. Had they all been recovered? or would renewed hand-digging yield more yet? The next light layers of rubbish were carefully removed, and the grand discovery of the day followed. There (upside down) was the gum bottle which the lodge-keeper's daughter had spoken of! And, more precious still, there, under it, were more fragments of written paper, all stuck together in a little lump by the last drippings from the gum bottle dropping upon them as they lay on the dust heap!

The scene now shifted to the interior of the house. When the searchers next assembled they met at the great table in the library at Gleninch.

Benjamin's experience with the "Puzzles" which he had put together in the days of his boyhood proved to be of some use to his companions. The fragments accidentally stuck together would, in all probability, be found to fit each other, and would certainly (in any case) be the easiest fragments to reconstruct as a centre to start from.

The delicate business of separating these pieces of paper, and of preserving them in the order in which they had adhered to each other, was assigned to the practiced fingers of the chemist. But the difficulties of his task did not end here. The writing was (as usual in letters) traced on both sides of the paper, and it could only be preserved for the purpose of reconstruction by splitting each morsel into two, so as artificially to make a blank side, on which could be spread the fine cement used for reuniting the fragments in their original form.

To Mr. Playmore and Benjamin the prospect of successfully putting the letter together under these disadvantages seemed to be almost hopeless. Their skilled colleague soon satisfied them that they were wrong.

He drew their attention to the thickness of the paper—note-paper of the strongest and best quality—on which the writing was traced. It was of more than twice the substance of the last paper on which he had operated, when he was engaged in the forgery case, and it was, on that account, comparatively easy for him (aided by the mechanical appliances which he had brought from London) to split the morsels of the torn paper within a given space of time, which might permit them to begin the reconstruction of the letter that night.

With these explanations, he quietly devoted himself to his work. While Benjamin and the lawyer were still poring over the scattered morsels of the letter which had been first discovered, and trying to piece them together again, the chemist had divided the greater part of the fragments specially confided to him into two halves each, and had correctly put together some five or six sentences of the letter on the smooth sheet of card-board prepared for that purpose.

They looked eagerly at the reconstructed writing, so far.

It was correctly done: the sense was perfect. The first result gained by examination was remarkable enough to reward them for all their exertions. The language used plainly identified the person to whom the late Mrs. Eustace had addressed her letter.

That person was—my husband.

And the letter thus addressed—if the plainest circumstantial evidence could be trusted—was identical with the letter which Miserrimus Dexter had suppressed until the Trial was over, and had then destroyed by tearing it up.

These were the discoveries that had been made at the time when Benjamin wrote to me. He had been on the point of posting his letter, when Mr. Playmore had suggested that he should keep it by him for a few days longer, on the chance of having more still to tell me.

"We are indebted to her for these results," the lawyer had said. "But for her resolution, and her influence over Miserrimus Dexter, we should never have discovered what the dust heap was hiding from us—we should never have seen so much as a glimmering of the truth. She has the first claim to the fullest information. Let her have it."

The letter had been accordingly kept back for

three days. That interval being at an end, it was hurriedly resumed and concluded in terms which indescribably alarmed me.

"The chemist is advancing rapidly with his part of the work" (Benjamin wrote), "and I have succeeded in putting together a separate portion of the torn writing which makes sense. Comparison of what he has accomplished with what I have accomplished has led to startling conclusions. Unless Mr. Playmore and I are entirely wrong (and God grant we may be so!), there is a serious necessity for your keeping the reconstruction of the letter strictly secret from every body about you. The disclosures suggested by what has come to light are so heart-rending and so dreadful that I can not bring myself to write about them until I am absolutely obliged to do so. Please forgive me for disturbing you with this news. We are bound, sooner or later, to consult with you in the matter, and we think it right to prepare your mind for what may be to come."

To this there was added a postscript in Mr. Playmore's handwriting:

"Pray observe strictly the caution which Mr. Benjamin impresses on you. And bear this in mind, as a warning from *me*. If we succeed in reconstructing the entire letter, the last person living who ought (in my opinion) to be allowed to see it is—your husband."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday,	14.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.—Sunday before Easter.
Thursday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Friday,	26.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	27.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	28.—Easter-Day.

APRIL.

Sunday,	4.—First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	11.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	18.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

SOME excitement was created recently in London by the announcement that the Rev. W. H. FREEMANTLE, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, would preach in the "City Temple," of which the Rev. Dr. PARKER, the well-known Nonconformist preacher and author, is pastor. At the appointed time Mr. FREEMANTLE appeared, but only to apologize for not preaching. He had received notice from the Bishop of London that what he proposed to do was illegal, and would subject him to prosecution. He had accepted Dr. PARKER's invitation, he said, in the belief that one of the greatest religious needs of our time is that of more union and sympathy between the Protestant Christians of England, and that common acts of worship would, if multiplied, be a great help toward that union. On this occasion Dean STANLEY had been also expected to be present, but for some reason failed to appear. Several Church of England clergymen, however, occupied seats with Mr. FREEMANTLE near the pulpit. At the mention of the Bishop of London's interference loud hisses were heard from all parts of the assembly, but were quickly suppressed. Dr. PARKER followed Mr. FREEMANTLE, and stated that, anticipating no objection to this union service, he had sent an invitation to the Bishop of London. His expression of confidence that the difficulties then interposed would be soon arranged elicited a general "Hear, hear!" from the audience.

The death is announced of the Rev. LUKE H. WISEMAN, ex-president of the British Wesleyan Conference. On Sunday, January 31, he was attacked with pain and faintness when about to preach at Islington, London. On the Wednesday following, February 3, he was seized with spasms of the heart, and died on the evening of that day. He had been since 1868 one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In 1872 he visited the United States as delegate to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference. He was greatly esteemed as an able preacher, writer, and administrator.

The controversy over the election of Dr. DE KOVEN as the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Illinois promises to be protracted. We have already noticed the fact that leading Low-Churchmen of the diocese had issued a protest against the confirmation of the bishop elect, on the ground of irregularities in the balloting. The protest was addressed to the Standing Committees of the other dioceses. A reply to the protest has appeared from the Standing Committee of the diocese of Illinois, which affirms the regularity of the election, and is fortified by the opinion of the Chancellor, S. CORNING JUDD.

The Rev. J. HOWARD SMITH, D.D., of St. John's Parish, Knoxville, Tennessee, has withdrawn from the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has entered the Reformed Episcopal communion. He will take charge of the Reformed Episcopal congregation in Newark, New Jersey.

It appears to be far from easy in Europe to get some men buried. The latest case we have noticed occurred in Cowley, near Oxford, England. The Rev. J. COLEY, the vicar, refused to bury a man named MERRITT, on the ground that he had led a scandalous life. The sons and brother of the deceased called on the vicar to request him to allow another clergyman to officiate, but he refused to see them. To escape importunity Mr. COLEY locked himself up in the church, where, as might have been expected, a noisy mob collected. Finally, being ordered by the bishop either to bury the man or to find some one else to do it, he relented. He, however, refused to permit the body to be brought into the church. The funeral took place eleven days after MERRITT's death. Mr. COLEY having locked the church doors, the crowd—numbering 1000 persons—entered a side door, broke open the main door, and then admitted the remains within, where the burial service was read by the Rev. Mr. GREEN. The sexton refused to fill the grave, which work was done by laborers. After the burial the crowd quietly dispersed.

The report for 1874 of the Moravian Elders' Conference, which is usually held at Berthelsdorf, Saxony, reveals the breadth of the operations of this small but energetic body of Christians. Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, America, Greenland, Labrador, the West Indies, Central America, South Africa, Australia, and the region of the Himalaya Mountains all passed under review. Four new churches were built during the year in the northern district of the American province. The congregation at Lichtenau, Greenland, celebrated their hundredth anniversary last July, as did also a congregation in Antigua. These little facts prove the long devotion of the "Brethren" to the work of missions. Their first, that to the negroes of the island of St. Thomas, dates from 1732. There are under their jurisdiction three provinces, the German, British, and American. The American province is subdivided into two districts.

The Pope has raised the dioceses of Boston, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, and Santa Fé to the dignity of archdioceses, and their bishops to the rank of archbishops. The bishops thus promoted are WILLIAMS (Boston), WOOD (Philadelphia), HENNI (Milwaukee), and LAMY (Santa Fé). The last-named diocese comprises the whole of New Mexico, and has a Catholic population of 90,000 Mexicans, 8000 Indians, and 1000 Americans. The Rev. THOMAS GALBERRY has been appointed Bishop of the vacant Roman Catholic diocese of Hartford, the Rev. JAMES A. HEALY Bishop of the diocese of Portland, and the Rev. F. H. KRAUTBAUER Bishop of the diocese of Green Bay.

The Emperor of Russia has given permission to the London Society for Promoting the Spread of Christianity among the Jews to re-open its work in the empire. Since the outbreak of the Crimean War this society has been excluded from Russia.

The effort to establish a better understanding between the Northern and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches has been somewhat checked of late. Litigation for the possession of church property in Tennessee and the excitement growing out of the political difficulties in Louisiana have created a feeling of distrust on both sides. Bishop PECK, of the Northern Church, has, however, recently visited Richmond, Virginia, and has been very cordially received by the representatives of Southern Methodism in that city.

JOSEPH NEE SIMA, the Japanese youth who found friends in this country, and after receiving his education at Amherst and Andover, returned home last fall as a missionary of the American Board, has been heard from since his arrival in Japan. His story of adventure is listened to with great interest, and he is now preaching with every promise of success.

The Queen Dowager of Bavaria, who has recently become a Roman Catholic, has ordered the construction of a Catholic church in Munich at her own expense. The estimated cost is 340,000 marks.

Closely following upon the adjournment of the German Imperial Parliament, January 30, the Prussian Diet assembled. The government announced in the Diet its purpose to bring forward another ecclesiastical bill as a supplement to its preceding measures. The points of the new bill are the following:

"1st. In every Catholic parish there shall be an elected parish council and an elected parish delegation for the care and management of the ecclesiastical property of the parish. 2d. All male, adult, self-supporting residents in the parish who fulfill the lawful conditions of membership of a Catholic parish are the qualified electors of both the parish council and the parish delegation. 3d. Where either a parish council or a parish delegation obstinately neglect their lawful obligations, or deal with matters withdrawn by the law from their jurisdiction, they can be dissolved by the Oberpräsident. 4th. Where the bishop of the diocese refuses to carry out a decision of a parish council or delegation, such bishop shall receive a warning of thirty days from the state authorities, and in case of continued refusal the state authorities shall enforce the decision of the parish council or delegation according to the lawful provisions. 5th. The parish council of four to twelve members decides, subject always to the laws of the state, upon the use and disposal of the parish church property, with the co-operation, in certain fixed cases, of the parish delegation of not more than forty members. 6th. The parish church property is by this proposed law declared to include and comprehend all churches and other edifices of worship or relating to worship, all funds and other property destined for the support of the clergy and inferior ministers of the Church, all funds and other property destined for educational and charitable purposes connected with the Catholic communion."

Six Italian Jesuits have been deported from Pernambuco, Brazil, by order of the government. They were charged with abetting the insubordination of the bishops of Olinda and Para, with encouraging the resistance still made to the imperial order to raise the episcopal interdict, and also with inciting sedition. The government has acted in these cases on the general law authorizing the expulsion of dangerous or suspicious aliens.

The proposed Liberation Society for British India was formally organized at Calcutta during the last week of December. The name was, however, changed, and it will be known hereafter as the "Indian Disestablishment Society." A constitution was adopted, and also an address to the Christians of India. Branches will be formed throughout the empire.

The ultramontanes intend to bring forward Bishop MARTIN, of Paderborn, now in confinement at Wesel, as a candidate for a vacant seat in the Chamber of Deputies. The Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Mayence have both declined proposals offered them of establishing a *modus visendi* with the state. A very remarkable fact is the election of Dr. BECKER, a Red Republican of '48, as Chief Magistrate of the Catholic city of Cologne. Dr. BECKER is now a moderate conservative in politics, though still a Protestant in religion.

The Rev. A. N. SOMERVILLE, of the Free Church of Scotland, is holding daily religious meetings in Calcutta. A meeting of Christian ladies has also been established in that city, which will be held once a month. Mr. W. L. H. FORBES, son of the Hon. ROBERT FORBES, has been appointed as lay evangelist by the Anglo-Indian Christian Union, and has commenced his labors at Saharunpoor. He will devote himself to the English-speaking population.

Archbishop MANNING's reply to Mr. GLADSTONE has been republished in this country. The first chapter contains his old argument, claiming, "first, that the decrees of the Vatican Council have changed nothing in respect to the civil obedience of Catholics; and second, that their civil obedience is neither more nor less divided than that of other men." In his second chapter he presents his view of the relations of the civil and spiritual powers. In the third, fourth, and fifth chapters he aims to show that in the conflict between the Church and state, the state has always been the aggressor. The archbishop is more astute than conclusive in his reasoning. He means all the time to assert the supremacy of the Church over the state, and when the disguises are stripped from his language his intention is apparent.

Mr. GLADSTONE has published a rejoinder to Archbishop MANNING, under the title of *Vaticanism*. As would naturally be expected, he repeats the facts contained in his first pamphlet, and shows that the Catholics obtained their full civil liberties in England on the faith of Bishop DOYLE's declaration that the allegiance of British Catholics to their sovereign was "complete and full and perfect and undivided." It is impossible to make Bishop DOYLE and Archbishop MANNING agree.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SAD picture was recently given in the London *Globe* of the condition of Russian working-men, particularly of those in St. Petersburg. Indeed, the condition of the workman in that great city is so bad that it can hardly be worse. Many of them come from villages hundreds of miles distant. Few of those who are married bring their wives with them. The Russian workman has no conception of home. A certain number club together, and choose one to hire a room and furnish them with food. The arrangements are of the rudest kind. Wooden benches and shelves erected around the room serve as beds. Every man sleeps in his day clothing, so bedding is unnecessary. The room has a stove, but no ventilation, and the filthy floor and dirty clothing make the air unendurable to any excepting the workmen themselves. In fact, they herd together almost like cattle. Every man drinks his "vodsky" and beer, and intoxication is universal whenever there is a holiday. These holidays in Russia are very frequent, and are a great hinderance to industry. On an average one occurs every fortnight, and no Russian will work on a calendar holiday, though he is not particular about Sunday. Drinking is the only amusement the poor Russian workman possesses. Without home, without education, without rational recreations, their only idea of enjoyment is the dram-shop.

A design for a memorial vase has been selected by the Bryant Testimonial Committee for presentation to the venerable poet and journalist, William Cullen Bryant. The vase is to be of oxidized silver, twenty-five inches in height. The form is simple, and it is covered entirely with studies from nature—the apple branch, the eglantine, amaranth, primrose, and ivy blend harmoniously with various other symbolical representations. The whole is designed to present in an emblematic way the leading characteristics of Mr. Bryant's mind and life.

Ferry-boat passengers are beginning to have a variety—*fog* instead of ice—and sometimes are favored with both together.

A most entertaining and elegant volume is the *Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China*, by Mr. J. Thomson, an English author of note, who is also an artist and a photographer. This book is the fruit of ten years' travels and residence in Eastern countries, concerning which but little definite and reliable information has been published. There are many graphic descriptions of the people and the countries Mr. Thomson visited, and some strange adventures are related. The illustrations form a very attractive feature of the volume. Mr. Thomson took his camera with him, and seems to have made it a point to secure a picture of every noteworthy object.

The announcement is not yet made, but we are expecting it every day, and it will be pretty hard for folks, because, as a compensation for an extra cold winter, we shall doubtless have an extra warm summer—we mean the annual announcement about the "scarcity of ice." Last winter there wasn't much made—it was too warm—and what *was* made was poor—"snow ice," they called it—and of course the companies asked a high price for it, so that not every body could afford to drink ice-water. This year, of course, it has been too cold to cut the ice. Would it not be cruel to expect men to handle ice with the mercury below freezing? And is it not plain that ice is uncommonly cold when it is frozen with the thermometer at zero? Consequently there is no hope of having an abundant supply of ice which has been gathered in this section of country. In previous years we have sometimes been able to draw on the resources of New England; but alas! the latest intelligence indicates that the ice crop in that part of the country has been almost ruined. A "card" to "consumers of ice" recently appeared in a very reliable Massachusetts journal, announcing "with deep regret that there will be no change in the prices the ensuing summer, as the *grasshoppers have appeared in all the ice-fields* of New England, and have burrowed so deep that one-half or five-eighths of the crop will be lost." This settles the whole question. Let no one fondly anticipate that the midsummer heats of 1875 will be mitigated by cheap ice.

How delightful is the contrast to us poor denizens of this cold zone! The Panama *Star and Herald*, in describing the present climate on the isthmus, says that the bignonia-trees are in full flower in the woods, the humming-birds are bringing forth their young in their tiny nests, the yellow-breasted fly-catchers are eating the fruit of the jasmine, and varieties of fresh fruits are in the market.

Instinct or reason? A French journal relates the following "true and curious" dog story. During the late severe weather, toward midnight a drunken man was seen attempting to pass through the Rue de Rome. He was followed by a dog, which kept close at his master's heels. The drunken man stopped, and the dog began to bite at his legs. "Let me alone, will you?" cried the drunkard; "I'm going on after a rest;" but the dog continued to tug at his trowsers. "There, there!" cried the man at length, "I'm going on." He started, and the dog trotted at his heels. After a few yards the drunkard again stopped, and a similar scene occurred, the dog growling and snapping until his master began to go forward. The witness of this singular incident went a mile out of his way to see this intelligent dog take his master home, and saw him wag his tail with evident satisfaction as the drunkard reeled over his threshold.

The *Court Journal* states that Adelberth Naundorff, who claims to be the chief of the Bourbon family, has just sent a mark of gratitude to Jules Favre, his advocate in the suit he recently brought before the Paris courts. It consists of a silver wreath of laurel, to which are attached a ribbon of the same metal and a fleur-de-lis in gold. The ribbon bears the following inscription: "To our excellent friend and noble advocate, Jules Favre. La Haye, 1874. Adelberth de Bourbon." On each side of the wreath the dates 1851 1874 are engraved, recalling the suits brought forward by the pretender at these two periods. The gift was presented to Jules Favre on a cushion of blue velvet, the whole being inclosed in a rose-wood case.

Particulars of the death by freezing of three little boys have come from Exeter, New York. The little fellows were all under eleven years of age, the youngest being only eight. Their parents were thriftless people, and these children sold baskets made by their older brothers and sisters, and thus the whole family was supported. One morning when the thermometer was twenty-five degrees below zero these little boys were driven out to sell baskets. In vain they begged to wait until it was warmer. They never returned alive. They were found next morning frozen stiff, with their baskets tied around their bodies.

During the year 1874 there were 187 vessels of different classes launched on the Clyde.

The Mikado of Japan witnessed the transit of Venus from his own grounds through instruments erected and superintended by Lieutenant Day, of the United States navy.

A case of considerable interest has occurred in Scotland, where a land-owner has been held responsible, and actually fined, for housing a farm servant in his employ in a dwelling unfit to be used. At Perth a farm servant sued his employer for damages for breach of contract in not providing him with a habitable house. From the evidence it appeared that the house in question was in a most lamentable condition. It had an old thatch roof, through which the rain and snow descended to such an extent that the floor of the house was flooded in winter-time, to the extreme discomfort of the tenant and his family. No proper repairs were made, and the man left his work, in which course he was justified, and a compensation of £7 awarded him, in addition to £3 of costs. It is believed that this case will have a wholesome effect upon the lodgings of farm servants in Scotland.

In 1780 New York Harbor was completely covered with ice, and the Revolutionary troops passed safely between New York and Staten Island on the temporary bridge.

For several years a palace for the Khedive has been in process of erection on the banks of the Nile, in the plain of Ghizeh, and in a few months it will probably be completed. It will occupy about the same space as the Louvre and the Tuileries, with a magnificent park and gardens around it. Its peculiarity consists of the interior being entirely fitted with silk. There are to be silk columns, silk panels, and arcades in moiré, and all this magnificence has been planned and executed in Paris, while the silk has been woven at the choicest looms of Lyons and St. Étienne. To carry out this truly Eastern idea, M. Fleuriot, to whom the work was intrusted, had to build special workshops of enormous size.

A mysterious painting is on exhibition in Boston, purchased from an Italian, who has mysteriously disappeared. Many Boston artists are confident that the painting is a genuine Raphael. As Raphael's productions are well known, it seems improbable—though, of course, possible—that one of them could be brought to this country without some public knowledge of the fact. Nevertheless foreign pictures have sometimes come to this country in a very mysterious manner.

In Nevada camels are used for transporting salt across the alkali deserts, and they are admirably suited to this purpose. But it appears that the camels frighten mules and horses, so that the latter can not be made to go near them. Consequently it was proposed to make a law prohibiting the use of camels and dromedaries upon the highways; but this produced so much opposition among those engaged in the salt business that the bill was modified; and now camels roaming at large upon the highways of Nevada subject their owners to fine and imprisonment.

Report says that the King of Siam has invited the English astronomers to Bangkok to witness the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs in April.

Among the communications which we have received in regard to the series of articles on "The Higher Life of Animals," now being published in this paper, is the following from a gentleman of Michigan:

"In reading, with much interest, the articles in your *Weekly* on 'The Higher Life of Animals,' a remarkable instance of the reasoning powers of the horse which came under my own observation some years ago is recalled, and I am persuaded to send it to you. In the town of Waterloo, Indiana, a Mr. Long kept a livery-stable, and among his stock was a fine bay team, superior roadsters, high-mettled and handsome, and possessing a quick intelligence quite remarkable. I have often driven them, and became much attached to them. In the winter of 1871 one of the horses (Pete) was taken violently ill with lung fever, and for a time his life was despaired of. The stable men had been up with him for several nights, and finally believed the danger past and the horse much better, and so he seemed, when they went to bed for the night. Toward morning the hostler heard a knocking at the door of his room, and upon getting up and opening the door he found the horse Forkey, Peter's mate, standing there with his halter broken and pawing at the door. The man procured a lantern, and the horse led the way back to the double stall occupied by the team, and stood over his prostrate mate, who, it appeared, had been taken worse in the night and was suffering much pain. He was alone and down, and his well mate broke loose and went after help and procured it. The horse recovered, and the team to-day, I presume, is owned by the same party, to whom I would refer you for the authenticity of this incident."

THE RETURN HO

[Poem on Page 218.]

THE RETURN HOME.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

You won't be hard on her, father?
It is Jeannie, our eldest born—
Jeannie, the little girl-baby
God gave us one Christmas morn.
She has given us many a heart-ache;
And, oh! 'twas a bitter day
When we hunted all over for Jeannie,
And found she had run away.

You cursed her that morning, father;
And bitterly then you swore
That the home that she left behind her
Should never receive her more;
But I know that you couldn't have meant it,
And you won't remember it when,
Sick and broken and hungry,
Our Jeannie comes home again.

You won't be hard on her, father?
It was years and years ago,
And I think you have fretted for Jeannie
More than even you know.
She is looking so pale and sickly,
And see how thin she is dressed;
Look at the poor little baby
That is lying on Jeannie's breast.

You are forehanded, father,
And these are our flesh and blood,
And yet they are cold and hungry,
Starving, perhaps, for food.
You know we pray of a Sunday,
And every day that we live,
To be for our sins forgiven
Even as we forgive.

Seth was a shiftless fellow,
But he wasn't bad, you know;
And Jeannie was young and reckless—
And then she loved him so!
Our girl had a good many chances
To marry a likelier man,
But after a thing is done, you see,
We should do the best we can.

He is only poor and shiftless,
Or he wouldn't come back again.
Perhaps if he had a chance, father,
To take his place among men—
If we could do something for him,
Give him a lift, you know,
Get him somehow to work again—
Perhaps he might make it go.

We'll take them back to the homestead—
It has been such a lonely place:
Just think how the dear old kitchen
Will welcome Jeannie's face!
Jeannie will help get supper—
You know I am getting old—
And you shall sit in your arm-chair,
With Jeannie's baby to hold.

A DIVIDED ALLEGIANCE.

[See Illustration on Page 212.]

The election of an ultramontane Senator from New York will necessarily awaken new interest in the question which Mr. Gladstone has suggested, and to which Dr. Manning has recently replied, Can a believer in the Pope's infallibility be a good citizen in a free state? The strong assertions of Dr. Manning or the casuistical reticence of Dr. Newman have failed altogether to shake the belief of most intelligent persons that one who owes implicit allegiance to the Pope can not at the same time perform his duty to his country unaffected by the influence of a foreign master. In vain are we told by a Manning that the Pope is too amiable a person to interfere in matters that do not belong to him, or by a Newman that conscience must still be the final guide. The fatal theory of an absolute rule still hangs over us, and we are reluctantly informed that the Roman priest is endowed with a temporal and spiritual power from which there is no appeal. Against such an authority what Roman Catholic will venture to rebel? But the question in reality is one of fact. Are ultramontane Roman Catholics any where good citizens of any modern state? Not certainly in Italy, where they are invoking a foreign invasion and plotting the ruin of their country; nor in Germany, where the Catholic unions have already stirred up a dangerous excitement in all parts of the empire, and where they even strove to divide Germans when the French were about to cross the Rhine; not in France, where the Pope has interfered to promote despotism; nor in Spain, where the priests have never ceased to excite horrible insurrections; nor in Ireland, Mexico, Brazil, and the South American republics; nor in our own, where Senator Kernan and his allies have never failed to encourage rebellion and threaten the unity of the nation, and to vote in solid masses for infamous politicians whose only merit was that they were friendly to the ultramontane plans. With us they had answered the question by their unpatriotic conduct long before it passed Mr. Gladstone's lips, and we had discovered by a fatal experience that no political leader could be honest or trustworthy who obeyed the Vatican rather than his country.

A divided allegiance is all that Senator Kernan can give to his American home, and the State of New York will be represented at Washington for the next six years by one who is opposed at heart to all the principles that lie at the base of free institutions. The Democracy have resolutely allied themselves with the ultramontanes, and we must expect in future no trace of tenderness for any honest or loyal American feeling, or for any of those instincts that led on the nation to universal freedom. Mr. Kernan may well be taken as the representative of that class of men who can alone satisfy the controlling section of the Democratic party. He is the enemy of unsectarian education, we are told by the *Freeman's Journal*, and could never consent to send his own children to the public schools; nor is it easy to see how, as a devoted Romanist, he could possibly approve a system of instruction which an infallible Pope has condemned. A liberal and independent Roman Catholic might perhaps venture to disobey his foreign master; an ultramontane is bound by the strict rules of the Syllabus. It is safe to infer, therefore, that our new Senator, though he may tolerate for a time the American mode of instruction, will destroy it whenever he and his party have the power. This is the usual policy of his Church, and one that has served to make it ever the more dangerous to civil society, because it is never to be trusted. No one can foresee when the Pope will think it an opportune moment to withdraw the slight degree of free-will he accords to his people, and may drive our whole Irish Catholic population into rebellion against freedom, or lead them on to the destruction of our whole system of education.

The Kernans, Kellys, and other men of that class who now hold the State and city of New York in subjection, who have succeeded the Tweeds and Sweenys of five years ago, with apparently even more absolute power, are the appropriate agents in the crusade against knowledge which was begun anew by the Vatican Council of 1870. The aim of the Roman Church is to check that wide flow of intelligence which has covered the world with useful inventions, and filled modern races with literary progress. It would seize upon every school and college, and forbid them from teaching any thing that it does not approve. It would chain science, as it once imprisoned Galileo, would suppress letters, and persecute a Milton or a Dante. It would enforce every where the intense ignorance which has always prevailed in the corrupt atmosphere of papal Rome, and create systems of education from which the highest results of modern progress should be wholly excluded. In our country, where knowledge has always been the chief source of freedom, the papal and ultramontane policy must prove in future singularly dangerous. The most imperative and absolute requirement of our political system is general education. For this it clamors in every section, and this is the only remedy for the corruptions and the disorders of the North and the South. Yet it is against this natural demand of a growing people that the ultramontane faction sets itself most resolutely. Already it has poured out upon our shores the millions of uneducated human beings it has fostered in Europe in ignorance and driven from the school-house, and once more, in the New World, it would prohibit them from accepting that free opportunity of instruction which is offered by the common school. While all European races as well as our own are thirsting for new draughts of that knowledge which in the last three hundred years has already raised them from barbarism, the Vatican Council would seize upon the sacred spring and hide it from the people. Knowledge is what it chiefly fears. An absolute Pope has already commanded every devout Roman Catholic to oppose the spread of any education but his own. He can teach nothing but what the Pope sanctions; he must learn only what the Pope allows; and we shall no doubt be soon summoned to defend at the polls against Mr. Kernan and his allies that magnificent system of public instruction which by the direction of the Pope they would overthrow. Soon or late the conflict must come, and the dull stupor with which the friends of knowledge have suffered New York to fall into the hands of its determined foes will be shaken by a fatal shock.

But possibly the strongest proof that our ultramontane population are not good citizens is the fact that they have insisted on the election of Mr. Kernan to the Senate upon the plain ground of his religious tenets. It was because he was a Roman Catholic that Tammany Hall urged his election as Governor in 1872, and it is as a Roman Catholic that he has been pressed as a candidate for the United States Senate. The Democracy did not dare to disobey the commands of their ultramontane supporters; the papal faction among us have shown their power, and are no longer satisfied with moderate success. Fifty thousand Irish Catholic voters in New York city, the blind adherents of a foreign priest, and as many more in the rural districts, have carried the State over to the Democracy, stopped the progress of reform, placed in office nearly the same men who three years ago robbed the public treasury at Albany and New York, threaten the interests of education, and would be satisfied with no one but Mr. Kernan in the Senate. They could scarcely have chosen a better representative. What ultramontanism means in American politics may be seen in the political career of the new Senator. He has been the steady supporter of slavery and aristocracy. He opposed almost every measure for suppressing the rebellion. When the people of the North were rising in 1861, Mr. Kernan said "he disapproved and condemned the war spirit at the North." After Sumter he yielded for a moment to the popular impulse. In 1862, in the period of deep depression and disaster, he was in Congress laboring to stop the war and save slavery. Like Seymour, he could not endure the thought of "freeing four millions of slaves." He led the Irish voters of the State in their incessant attacks upon Lincoln and Grant, and helped to prolong the rebellion by the aid of his ultramontane followers. He was loud at every peace meeting in denunciation and threats. When the rebellion was over, modesty might have taught him to remain in a close obscurity. He forced himself into the public attention. From 1865 he is once more seen laboring to shield slavery from complete destruction, and to rebuild anew an aristocracy at the South, guiding his ultramontane followers into dangerous courses, threatening the public peace, exciting the strife of races and of creeds. No better example of an alien and unpatriotic leader could be found than Mr. Kernan; none whose whole career has been more clearly marked by the silent influence of his Roman guides. An enemy of popular education, of human equality, of pure republicanism, the defender of slavery and of aristocracy, he is the plainest proof that no ultramontane, however reputable his private character, can be safely intrusted with the administration of American affairs. He may assume the garb of freedom, but must ever wear in secret the chains of Rome.

This is what our Roman Catholic population will probably discover as they become educated in American ideas, and we trust they will themselves at last admit that their first allegiance is due to that government which has given them a shelter from the sorrows and the tyranny of the Old World. To the Irish Catholics especially the examples set by their Kellys and Kernans should be peculiarly odious. Republicanism has built for them a peaceful home. No class of men have profited so largely from the labors of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln, Grant. From poverty the republic has raised them to wealth, from slavery to independence. Heretofore, under the guidance of Kellys, Kernans, Connollys, and Sweenys, they have labored for its destruction; let them with shame and remorse in future endeavor to repair the wrong they have done to freedom. But still more odious and dangerous to our German population must be the daring ascendency of the ultramontanes; they have aided in placing in office the worst enemies of Germany, and may well look back upon their own conduct with no small regret. How, indeed, it is possible for Germans to vote for ultramontanes or the instruments of the papal faction it is almost impossible to conceive. What madness is it in the children of Germany to aid the faction among us which is now threatening their native land with desolation, and shaking Europe with the terrors of a religious war! Do Germans think that the ultramontane in America is at all different from the ultramontane of Italy or France? Do they not know that the Kellys and Kernans whom they have placed in power for some poor local prejudice are the men who in 1870 would have rejoiced had the French armies swept on to the gates of Berlin, and who in 1875 are again plotting the ruin of German independence? There can be no doubt that the triumph of ultramontanism means the ruin of freedom every where: the fate of knowledge and of progress hangs suspended upon our future elections: if we are ruled by men whose politics is guided by the Vatican, and whose allegiance is held by an infallible Pope, Europe and America must sink back into slavery, and the republic perish.

Eugene Lawrence.

A LAND OF SNOW.

A party of gentlemen lounging over their wine at Delmonico's, and pondering how they should kill the intervening hours between dinner and the late or early period assigned for sleep, found sleighing indispensable—a precious because extremely rare sprinkling of snow upon the Avenue must be enjoyed. The only question was, how best to enjoy it.

"How would it do," said young Browne, "to go for the country material—three feet of the solid, you know—no grinding over dirt and stones, or slushing through mud and mire—just a regular old-fashioned sweep through a cloudy landscape, the trees and tops of the hedges dressed all in white for us, and a nice little glint of rose-color in the evening sky? Eh? how about that, boys?"

"And stop at a comfortable inn," said Smythe, "with gables and sloping roof, the out-houses painted a glowing red, wherein our panting steeds could rest and partake of home-raised oats, while we, perchance, within the hospitable portal, might trip the 'light fantastic' with some beautiful child of nature, innocent of rouge or pearl powder, where a felicitous sentence might bring forth the *rara avis* of a veritable blush? Eh? what do you say to that?"

But Robinson dallied with his glass, now held it to the light, then put it down untasted, or sipped a little from its brim.

"Not any for me," he said at last. "I've been through all that, and exhausted it."

Browne and Smythe looked at each other significantly.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask when and where?"

"I will tell you the story, gentlemen," said Robinson, "because it has a moral."

"Hear! hear!" they cried, and tapped upon the table with gentle irony.

"It was a land of snow," began Robinson, "where the houses were scattered far and wide, and many an acre loomed between, with scarcely a landmark to guide the weary pilgrim on his way. The trees were mostly of pine and fir, their scraggy branches half hidden in avalanches of snow. The whole landscape was waste and sterile and unutterably sad. How and when and where I found myself on that wild night, wrapped in robes of fur and buffalo skins, a pair of noble grays bearing me over this artificial surface of the earth, it matters not, or has aught to do with my story.

"At last I reached this veritable inn of which you spoke, with gables and peaks, dormer-windows and quaint turrets, and wide oaken doors through which I passed with great thankfulness, and a sense of infinite rest and ease.

"After a substantial supper I went out to the stables to see how my travel-spent beasts were faring, and found that there had been some new arrivals. A rude and almost gigantic sled upon heavy oaken runners barred my passage, and on all sides I found a variety of home-made vehicles, of all sizes and shapes, filled with blankets of white and scarlet wool, homespun coverlets, and sheep-skins.

"An old French hostler busied himself in dextrously untying the leather thongs that constituted most of the harness.

"There fell upon my ear a faint twanging in the distance, suggestive of a stringed instrument.

"'Dancing?' I exclaimed to the hostler.

"'But yes,' he replied; 'in truth, it is the dance.'

"'Within there?' I pursued, pointing to the house.

"'Without doubt,' he answered, and I hastened in the direction of this phantom music. Making my way through a dimly lighted corridor, with many a subtle turn and tortuous declivity and height, guided alone by the now distinct scraping of a violin, I at length found myself in a spacious low-ceiled apartment immediately under the peaked roof, of the whole length and breadth of the hostelry. A quantity of candles in tin sconces cast a flickering light upon the scene, and moving hither and thither in the mazes of a singular country-dance were about a score of rustics, of a class of humanity altogether strange and new to me—a race of Titans, strong of limb, with muscles of iron and sinews of steel, a bovine cast of feature, mild and ruminating, with eyes wide apart, straight noses, expanded nostrils, and lips curved like those of a Grecian statue.

"I watched them for a time move slowly and with a rude dignity through an intricate dance, which left one couple almost hidden in the darkness of a far corner. Suddenly this couple came swiftly down to the centre of the group, and stood almost directly before me.

"It is with these we have to do, gentlemen. One of them—the lady, if I may call her thus—was the most beautiful creature I ever saw. So young she seemed to me, I involuntarily smiled upon her as I would upon a child. She wore a simple bodice over a blue petticoat. Her arms and neck were covered by a chemise puffed and starched, and white as the snow it was bleached upon. Her hair, only bound by a chain and silver arrow, fell far below her waist. Its color was hard to define, but seemed, in the smoky glare of the candles, a yellowish creamy white.

"'Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out.
• • • • • •
And oh, she danced in such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Was half so fine a sight.'

"Yes, gentlemen, she was a theme for poesy. I watched her with mute but expressive admiration, so that when her eyes met mine I fancied there grew a gentle recognition in them. She looked up to her Titanic partner, and smilingly drew his attention to me. I can not describe to you the benevolent patronage of his manner when, as if taking pity upon my loneliness, and apparently pleased with my evident appreciation of the lovely being that seemed in some way to belong to him, he brought her to my side, and with noble hospitality left her, as he said, to beguile the time of the stranger. Good fellow that he was, I hope this kindly trust betrayed did not impair his simple faith in humanity.

"'Her name is Lulu,' he said, 'and mine Jean.'

"And while I cast about for something to say to this little maiden in the patois of her country, she began herself, in a voice sweet, low, and sonorous:

"'It is, then, your sleigh in the stable below? How beautiful it is! It is shaped like a wild-goose, and so light I can lift it, even I! And the skins they frightened me, they were so like pretty crouching animals; one of them had eyes, in truth, and mocked me as I peeped into the sleigh. And the horses they are like deer, so small are their heads and so slim their legs. Jean laughed at them. He said they were good for naught but to take in one's arms and pat like a kitten.'

"'There your Jean is wrong,' I said, quickly, not overpleased at this simple irony. 'They are good to get over these dreary wastes of yours, and I wish you could just once enjoy a ride behind them, and know what swiftness means.'

"'I wish I could,' she said, 'under the pretty skins, and all the lovely silver bells jingling.'

"'Why can't we?' I pleaded, coaxingly pressing the little ungloved fingers in my own. 'We could get back again before our friends would find out we were gone, and then you could tell Jean how wrong he was.'

"An arch smile moved her beautiful lips and brightened the depths of her soft black eyes; her foot tapped upon the sanded floor, and her white hand fluttered in mine. It was the sweetest moment of uncertainty with which I had ever aught to do.

"'Come, Lulu,' I whispered. 'You don't know how happy it would make me.'

"'And I too,' she said, looking up in my face with innocent candor. 'I also would be happy.'

"It was probably the first temptation offered to this child of nature. She yielded to it with guileless enthusiasm.

"Shortly after we were bounding over the snow with the speed of the wind. My gallant grays, rested and refreshed, and seemingly conscious of the lovely burden they bore, so swiftly flew along that at times we were lifted from the surface of the earth and drawn in mid-air, while I tugged at the reins and endeavored to restrain their ardor.

"Lulu's eyes shone like lambent stars; her hair floated out on the night wind.

"'Are you happy, Lulu?' I said.

"'But yes,' she replied, quickly. 'And you?'

"'Ah, Lulu,' I began, a hundred delights pleading for utterance; but in that supreme moment of joy I was checked by a group of fir-trees that rose before me, immediately barring our further progress. They were strangely unfamiliar. Afar

in the distance I saw the shadowy outline of a forest. I reined in the panting animals. My heart grew cold within me. An icy dread paralyzed for a moment even thought and feeling. I had mistaken the way. We were lost! And to be lost in this Canadian waste was simply death in a slow, torturing, terrible form.

"To turn back and traverse the way that it seemed we had come was my first effort.

"'Yes, we will return,' said Lulu, beginning already to tremble with a vague fear. 'Jean will become anxious.'

"Alas for poor Jean! he was at that moment scouring the white desert in search of us, the prey of a bitter fear.

"I watched every object that lifted itself above the surface of the snow, but could recognize none, and became painfully aware that perhaps every stride of the horses took us further from the hostelry.

"To add to my terror, the vapor in the atmosphere melted into snow, and soon we were blinded by drifts that blew across our path and drove the now wearied horses back upon their haunches.

"Lulu had long ago divined the situation, and said no word of reproach, sorrow, or fright, but sat, dear child, quite still, while the white torrent fell upon her beautiful hair and stiffened the border of her hood. So white and rigid she looked, she might have been carved from the snow about us.

"The only word that fell from her sweet lips was the one that also tugged at my heart, filling it with the bitterness of a vain remorse. 'Jean!' murmured the poor child; and two big tears fell from her eyes and froze upon the hard stiff hairs of the buffalo skin.

"I do not know what mad words of regret and sorrow I poured out at her feet, but I remember still the womanly eagerness with which she took all blame upon herself, and strove to infuse hope into my fainting heart.

"The air grew sharp and chill; the light of the moon was dimmed by the storm; and the wind, gathering fierceness and strength, beat louder and louder in the fir-trees, and writhed and shrieked in their skeleton branches. The snow came down as I never saw it come down before; and there in the drifts and the freezing air, alone and lost, were Lulu and I and my splendid grays.

"The wind grew stronger, the drifts grew deeper, and at last floundered down the poor horses; and while I urged with panting breath and gentle cut of the whip, every thing was growing dim about me; my hands were numb; a sharp band of agony cut into my very brain. I heard, as in a dream, the voice of Lulu, who, delicate and beautiful as she was, could stand this torture better than I, for she was born and reared in this wide snow desert.

"The last thing I remember was drawing out my pistol, and, like one crazed with a last hope, firing it into the air.

"Then, losing all power of will, I sank back into the sleigh, now filled with snow, and heard, fainter and fainter, the gentle voice of Lulu—felt, like an enraptured ghost, the soft caress of her hands, and her breath on my frozen cheek.

"It would have been then a merciful death to die, could I have known that Lulu would have at last been safe on the good heart of Jean; but my last sweet dream of consciousness was poisoned by the thought of the bitter and lonely death I had brought to this dear child.

"Of course, gentlemen, I did not die, or I should not have been here to tell you this tale with a moral. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself in a huge bed, almost smothered in coverlets of eider-down, and a faint idea that I was being manipulated into some plastic material by an iron hand led me to open my eyes and find bending over me the noble face of Jean. 'Calm thyself, friend,' he said, in answer to my broken entreaties; 'Lulu is strong and well, and brewing for thee some soup to put strength into thy poor body. When, thanks to the great God, we heard thy firing, and at last found you, Lulu was able to speak and move, but thou wert as one frozen. And one of thy grays is dead in the stable yonder; the other, I fear me, will not see the dawn of day. Thou shouldst not have ventured thus with those puny steeds—it was unwise!' That was all of reproaches I received from this noble gentleman. I leave you to imagine my remorse, gratitude, and the subsequent vows I made when, through the kindness of Jean, I was restored to civilization."

"But," said Browne, "we needn't go to the wilds of Canada to find three feet of snow!"

"I thought you spoke of a child of nature?" said Robinson.

"Well?" interrogated Smythe.

"There is not the article you described within the limits of the United States."

THE ICE BLOCKADE.

ON page 220 we give some interesting sketches of scenes and incidents of the recent severe experience of arctic weather. Old inhabitants of New York, whose memory goes back almost to the beginning of the present century, say that no such weather has been known in this latitude for over forty years. The Hudson was firmly bridged with ice opposite New York for several hours, and great numbers of people crossed the wide river on foot, while the East River between New York and Brooklyn was similarly bridged over several days in succession. The movement of the tides of course prevented the blockade from being continuous, and the bridges lasted only a couple of hours at a time in an unbroken mass. As soon as the tide turned, the ice would commence breaking up, a process assisted by the powerful ferry-boats and steam-tugs; but while it remained firm there was no more danger in crossing than on a quiet skating-pond. The only chance of danger was in remaining on the ice until it began to break up and separate into floating rafts. Many persons were heedless and rash enough, in the excitement of the moment, to court this peril. Some of them were able to reach the shore in a dry condition by jumping from piece to piece, others took an involuntary cold plunge by missing their foot-hold on a tilting fragment of the bridge, and others still were rescued by tugboats, as shown in our illustration. Happily no lives were lost, though some very narrow escapes were recorded in the daily papers.

The effects of the intense cold were felt all along the coast from Maine to Florida. Long Island Sound was for several days closed to navigation, and the New York and Fall River boats made several outside trips. The fishing fleet suffered severely. Many of the vessels were caught in the ice a long distance out; in some instances the crews, their fuel and food giving out, were obliged to make their way ashore on foot over the frozen sea; and several melancholy wrecks occurred, attended by loss of life. Among the remarkable incidents of the winter was the hard experience of the keeper of the Duxbury (Massachusetts) Pier Light. During the recent cold snap the United States steamer *Gallatin*, in getting out of Plymouth Harbor, discovered a signal of distress flying at the light-house, and bore down upon it. The captain found it surrounded by huge masses of ice, but succeeded in getting within talking distance, when he was informed that no communication with any one had been had by the keeper and his wife since December last, and that the wood was all gone, and only a pint of water a day had been used for the previous ten days. After two hours' hard work, wood and water were furnished, and the *Gallatin* steamed away. But for the fortunate discovery of the signal of distress, there might have been a painful tragedy to record.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN some remarks on the auroras of February 4, 1871, and 1872, Mr. TORRY states that it appears from the observations made at the telegraph bureau at Brest that magnetic and telegraphic disturbances preceded, accompanied, and followed the apparition, which was a visible, but, in fact, only secondary part of the phenomena. The aurora borealis is in reality a magnetic storm, as defined by HUMBOLDT, and it is only by the study of the changes experienced by terrestrial magnetism during these apparitions that we shall come upon the true cause of the phenomenon; moreover, inasmuch as the magnetic disturbances are always recognizable long before the appearance of the aurora, we can easily predict the latter. The disturbances of terrestrial magnetism have probably a cosmical cause, and it is impossible to study them properly except throughout the whole world simultaneously.

Much interest has been excited in scientific circles in England by the offer on the part of the King of Siam to the Royal Astronomical Society to receive as his guests any persons who may visit Siam to observe the total eclipse of the sun in April next, he also agreeing to supply entertainment during their stay, and to give transportation to any desired station and all necessary accommodations at that point.

According to *Nature*, some bones of the great auk have lately been found in the Funk Islands, off the coast of Newfoundland, and carried to London. Unfortunately, however, they are not in a very good state of preservation. It was from this locality that two mummied auks were obtained some years ago, furnishing complete skeletons. One of these is in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and the other, we believe, was sent to the British Museum in London.

Professor C. S. LYMAN writes to the New York *Tribune* to say that he observed the planet Venus on the 8th of December, a few hours before its transit began, and found that from the time when it was 1° 50' distant from the sun's centre, up to the time of its passage across its disk, it was apparently surrounded by a ring of light, which appearance was due to the refraction of the sun's light passing through the planet's atmosphere on its way to the earth. This phenomenon was first observed by Professor LYMAN in 1866, and will again occur in 1882, being repeated, in fact, as often as the planet approaches within the limiting distance above mentioned. When further from the sun than this limit, the circle of light becomes a segment only, whose size diminishes as the planet recedes from the sun.

The SIEMENS pyrometer has been subject to a careful investigation by a committee of the British Association in order to decide whether or no the resistance is altered after exposure to high temperatures. Four instruments were examined, three of which were found to be considerably altered after having been exposed to a high temperature; the fourth gave results which are considered sufficient for industrial application, if not for strictly scientific observations.

The chess problem proposed by NAUCK to the distinguished mathematician GAUSS, viz., to determine the number of ways in which eight queens can be placed on a chess-board so that no one can take or be taken by any other, has been completely solved by GUNTHER, whose solution has been somewhat improved by Mr. J. H. L. GLAISHER. According to these gentlemen, for a chess-board of sixteen squares and four queens there are two solutions of the problem, in a board of twenty-four squares, ten solutions, and in a board of sixty-four squares, with eight queens, ninety-two solutions. Of these ninety-two solutions one is perfectly symmetrical, and is given by Mr. GLAISHER in full.

Mr. JOHN H. REDFIELD publishes in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club a paper upon the distribution of the ferns of North America, and arranges the species in six geographical divisions. The first of these he calls the *Cosmopolitan*, which embraces two species (*Pteris aquilina* and *Asplenium trichomanes*), distributed over the globe in both temperate and tropical regions. The first (*P. aquilina*) lives in sandy barrens, and is found every where from Lapland in the North, to New Zealand and Tasmania in the South, in America reaching from Labrador to Alaska and the Isthmus of Panama.

Species of the second or *Boreal* division occupy the northern part of the United States, extending through Canada and British America, some of them to Labrador, Greenland, and Alaska, and represented also in the northern sections of the Old World. Of these there are twenty-seven species.

In this group we find an illustration of what has been noted by Professor GRAY in regard to flowering plants, namely, a much closer relation between the species of Western America and Eastern Asia than between those of Eastern America and Western Europe. Thus the *Asplenium septentrionale* is widely distributed in the mountains and colder portions of Europe and Asia, but is only known in this country in the Rocky Mountains, as far south as latitude 32°. *Pellæa gracilis*, an American form, occurs in the Old World only in the Himalaya Mountains.

The *Appalachian* division is the third. The species occupy the mountainous and hilly regions east of the Mississippi, often to the coast, and northward to Canada, in some few instances occurring also in the Old World. The number under this head amounts to about thirty-eight.

Fourth, the *Pacific* division, which contains species extending to the western borders of the continent, from Alaska to California, in a few cases appearing also in the Rocky Mountain region. Here we have seventeen species.

Fifth, the *New Mexican* division. Of this some of the species occur in Mexico, and even in South America; a few also in California. There are twenty-seven species enumerated under this head.

The sixth, or *Tropical*, division includes twenty-two species inhabiting the borders of the Gulf of Mexico, most of them extending to the West Indies and tropical America. Of these, one, *Trichomanes petersii*, is quite local, having been found only in Alabama and Florida.

Of 125 species enumerated, sixty-nine, or about fifty-five per cent., are found in the New World only, and of these sixty-nine about fifty-three, or over forty-two per cent. of the whole, are restricted to the limits above assigned. There remain seventy-two species which we share with other portions of the world. Of these, forty are found in common with Europe, four of them not being found elsewhere.

We have thirty species in common with the Himalayas of Northern India, of which two are not found elsewhere. With Northern or Eastern Asia we have thirty species in common, and, taking the whole extent of Northern and Eastern Asia, we have forty-six species in common out of the seventy-two, showing a very decided preponderance in Asiatic forms, as already referred to.

General COMSTOCK has just published in the annual report of the Chief of Engineers for 1874 his report of the survey of the Northern and Northwestern lakes in continuation of his labors of preceding years. This is illustrated by several maps, showing the present condition of the lake survey, and the recent progress toward the completion of this great labor.

At the recent Maritime Conference in London the resolutions adopted by the meeting embraced the following subjects. It was resolved that there should be but one form of meteorological register for naval and merchant services, and that so far as possible a uniformity in methods and hours should be observed. Currents and magnetic variations were recommended for observation. The upper and lower clouds are to be recorded in separate columns. The precise pattern of instruments was not specified, the only requirement being that those used should satisfy certain tests, and that they should be carefully compared with standard instruments. It is considered that the general influence of the Conference was decidedly in favor of united action on the part of the merchant service and the navies of the world. Particular stress was not laid upon the conducting of special investigations by sea-captains, as such can be most economically performed at the central meteorological stations and by government naval vessels.

From the report of the British Association committee on luminous meteors we learn that Mr. GREG has calculated the orbits of those comets of early and recent times whose orbits are believed to pass near that of the earth. Many important and well-known comets are found to have meteoric showers as their representatives, the coincidences being numerous enough to render desirable the further cultivation of cometary astronomy.

Mrs. MARY TREAT communicates to the New York *Tribune* of February 1 some original observations upon the bladderwort (*Utricularia*) and its function as a carnivorous species, as is the case with *Sarracenia*, *Drosera*, etc. Bladderwort grows abundantly in shallow ponds and swamps throughout the Northern United States, and is characterized by the possession of numerous little bladders scattered among the leaves, which were supposed to be used in some way for floating the plant, especially during the flowering season.

Mrs. TREAT, however, had her attention called in the first place to the fact that the bladder-bearing stems really sank lowest into the water, and the subsequent detection of minute microscopical animals in the interior induced her to examine the subject in reference to a possible animal diet. She has finally satisfied herself that the true function of these bladders is to entrap the various forms of animals, some of them larvæ, probably of dipterous insects and others, entomostraca, such as *Daphnia*, *Cyclops*, and *Cypris*; and that, once inside of the bladders, the latter constitute so many little stomachs for their convenient digestion.

The Statistical Bureau of the Treasury Department has published a list of the merchant vessels of the United States, with the official numbers and signal letters awarded them—a volume of nearly 600 pages. This contains, first, a list of the merchant vessels, alphabetically arranged; second, a list of the unrigged merchant vessels, alphabetically arranged; third, a list of sea-going vessels, with signal letters arranged in their regular order; fourth, a supplemental list of vessels, officially numbered, up to June 30, 1874; fifth, a list of vessels in the revenue service; sixth, a list of vessels belonging to the United States navy in 1874; seventh, a complete list of the vessels of the United States navy from 1797 to 1874, together with the lists and numbers of the line, staff, and other officers, both active and retired.

This report is the sixth full statement of the kind, required by an act of Congress of 1866, and contains a new and very important feature in the list of sea-going vessels, with the signal letters assigned them, by reference to which shipmasters can readily ascertain the name, tonnage, and home port of any vessel exhibiting her signals at sea.

The United States Hydrographic Office has published a work upon the northwest and west coast of Spain, and the coast of Portugal from Estaca to Cape Trafalgar, compiled by Lieutenant GEORGE M. TOTTEN, U.S.N., and forming a volume of about 300 pages.

In an investigation into the mathematical theory of the workings of duplex telegraphy, the author, Mr. SCHWENDLER, electrical engineer of the Indian government, gives a short sketch of the history of duplex telegraphy, in which he states that, as early as 1849, Messrs. SIEMENS and HALSKE, of Berlin, took out a patent in England for the simultaneous transmission of a plurality of messages. In 1854, Dr. GINTL, of Vienna, effected the practical solution of the same problem by employing an electro-chemical method, and, in the summer after, a differential method was independently arrived at by SIEMENS and HALSKE, of Berlin, and by FRISCHEN. In Sweden EDLUND employed a differential method, which he had invented in 1848. The theory of ZANTEDESCHI—namely, that of distinguishing electric currents passing simultaneously from opposite directions through the same conductor, without in any way interfering with each other, and on which that physicist has claimed the honor of having first suggested the idea of duplex telegraphy—is characterized by SCHWENDLER as being in direct opposition to the electrical laws which were already known in 1829. None of the above methods had any extended application; they appear to have been attempted doubtingly, and were generally rejected as impracticable. Only recently, after a torpid existence of almost twenty years, has duplex telegraphy secured the amount of public interest it rightly deserves; and to Mr. STEARNS, of New York city, is due the credit of having appreciated its value, and by means of his own inventions proved its thorough practicability. The invention of the duplex method ranks second in importance only to STEINHEIL'S discovery in 1837 of the feasibility of employing the earth to complete the electric circuit, instead of a return wire. Of the causes that have thus delayed the introduction of so important a system, perhaps the most striking was the fact that the invention was twenty years ago in advance of the age; and again that the telegraphic profession, young as it is, is far more conservative than is good for the advance of telegraphy.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LETTER H.—There is something profoundly lamentable in the conversation of a cockney. An exchange paper gives the following as the direction of an English father to his son: "'Arry, 'op hup and go down to Mr. 'Arris's, and hask 'im hif 'e 'as a bit of hash or hoak to make a 'ammer 'andle." We can remember something about as good, and quite true. An English actor was playing Pierre to William Tell. Pierre has the following speech: "Horrible! most horrible! To save his own and Albert's life, Tell has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head." The actor knocked about his h's thus: "Orrible! most 'orrible! To save 'is hown and Halbert's life, Tell 'as consented to shoot han happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

What horn produces the most discordant music?—The drinking horn.

Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. Just before he expired he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the legacy, expecting, of course, to find a heap of treasure; but, alas! his disappointment was great on finding nothing but a red herring!

"It's a melancholy thing when those you depend on turn against you," as the gentleman said when the baker asked him to pay his bill.

An old bachelor says, of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he "needn't come again," was the most solemn.

A brow-beating lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied, "In company with two friends." "Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer; "two thieves, I suppose you mean." "They may be so," replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers."

While recently engaged in splitting wood, Jones struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "axe-idental."

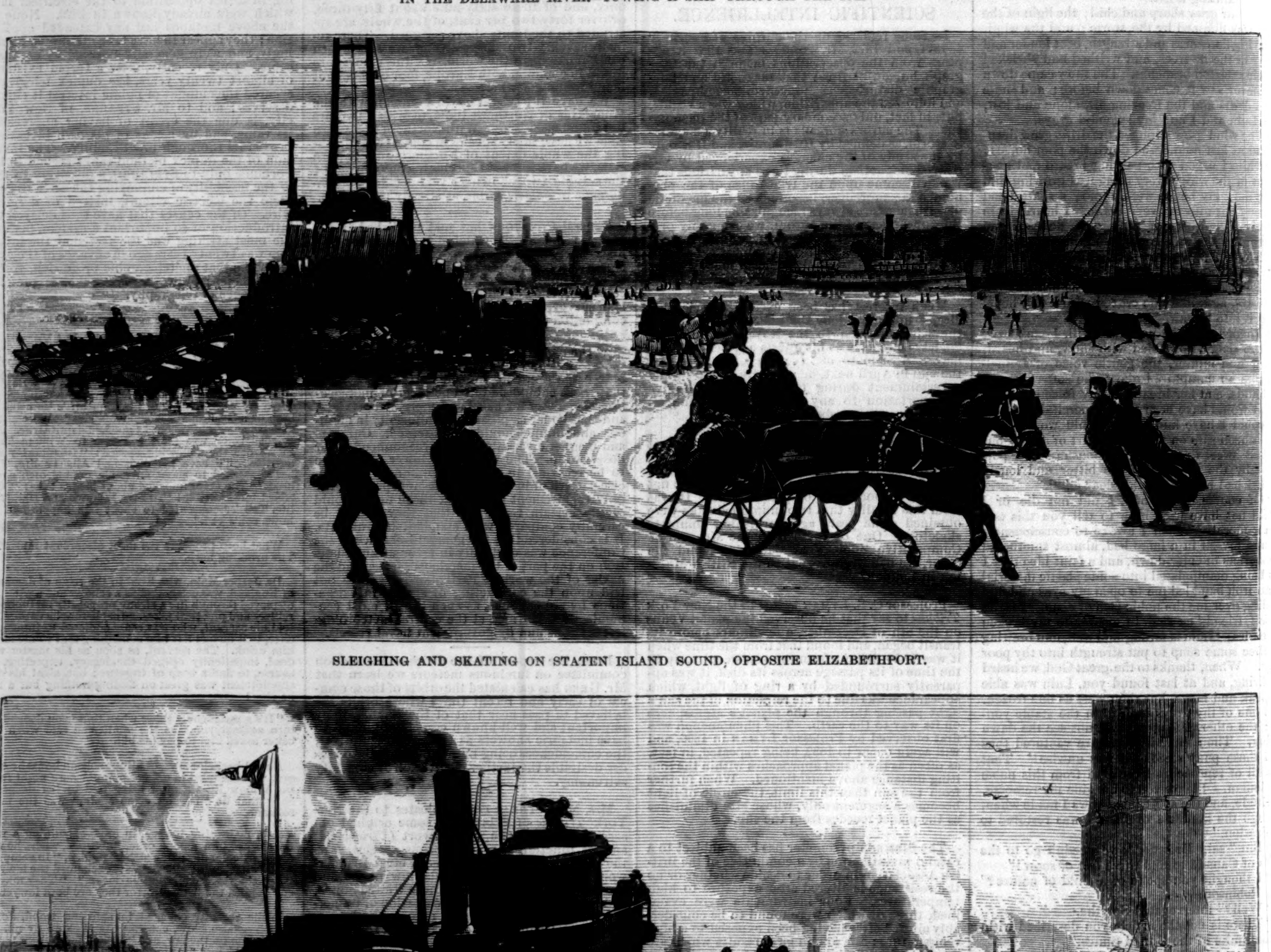
A little girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten what it was called; so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm all off of you with."

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her ardent and favored suitor to the altar—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

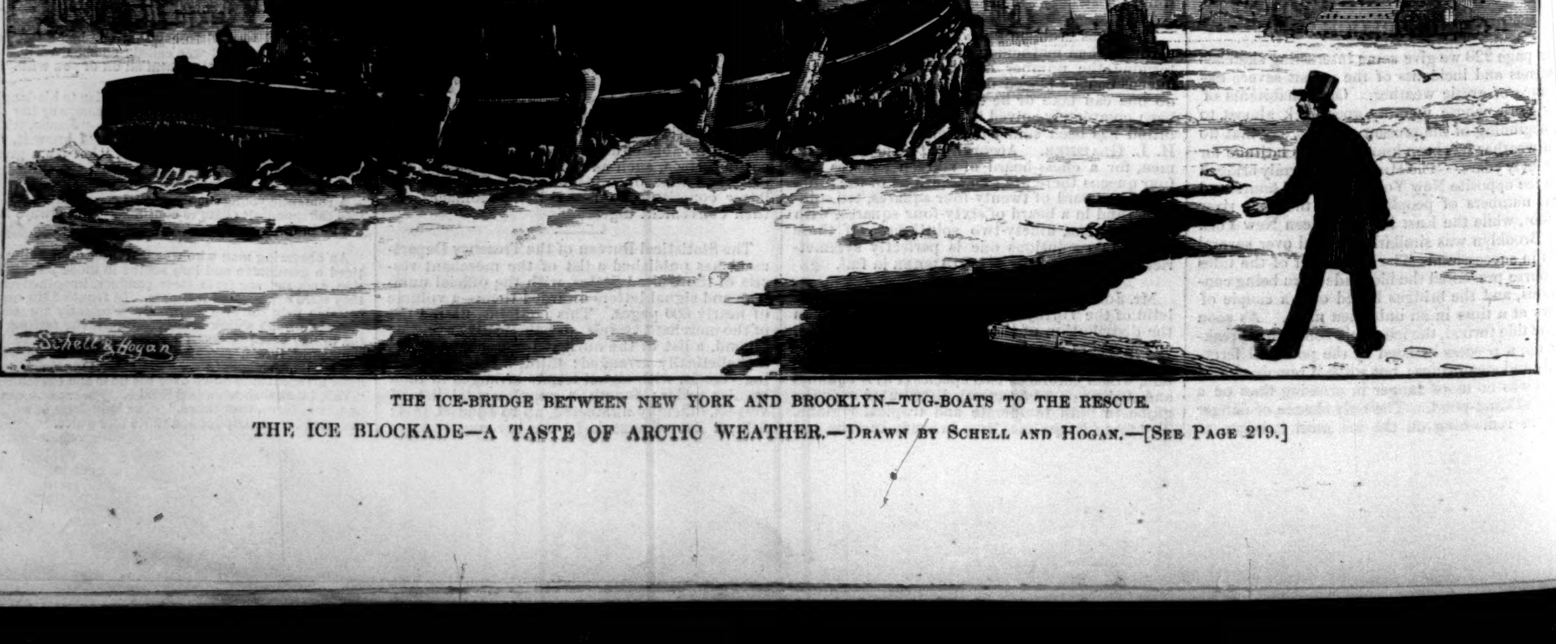
A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

An observing man who was traveling on a train noticed a gentleman and lady seated in close juxtaposition, and, judging from their conduct, imagined that they were exceedingly intimate. In front of the comfortable pair sat two Germans. Presently the train passed through a dark bridge. Amidst the rattling of the bridge could be heard a noise that sounded for all the world like a concussion of lips. As the train emerged into daylight, one of the Germans slowly drew his spectacles down over his nose and exclaimed: "Vell, I tink dish ish a bad bridge. I hear him crack one, two, three, four times." The lady drew down her veil, and for the trip looked mute and quiet.

IN THE DELAWARE RIVER—TOWING A SHIP THROUGH THE ICE.



SLEIGHING AND SKATING ON STATEN ISLAND SOUND, OPPOSITE ELIZABETHPORT.

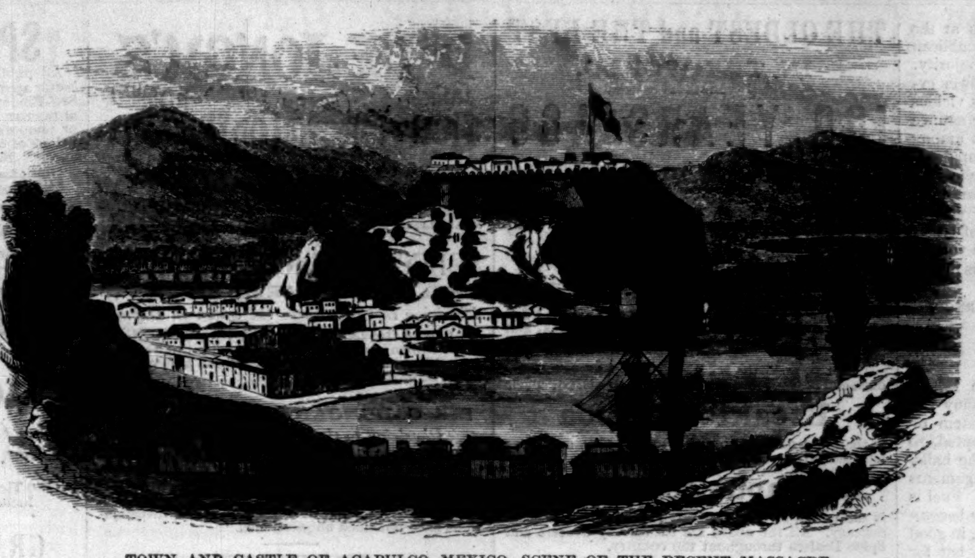


THE ICE-BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN—TUG-BOATS TO THE RESCUE.

THE ICE BLOCKADE—A TASTE OF ARCTIC WEATHER.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 219.]

AN ULTRAMONTANE MASSACRE.

There can be no better proof of the extreme folly and ignorance of the ultramontanes, even if we forget their political crimes, than the strange scenes of cruelty and brutality which they are producing in all parts of the world. In Canada they excite deadly riots, and drive funeral processions from the church-yard with threats or blows; or in Switzerland assail with sticks and stones a baptismal procession, and would almost massacre the heretical infant at the font; in New York threaten the lives of school-teachers; in Spain suppress Protestant churches; or in Acapulco murder with singular atrocity the chief members of a Protestant congregation at the command of their priest. The Jesuits have a theory that "invincible ignorance" is an excuse for any crime. It is quite easy to see that the scholars who proceed from their seminaries have never acquired sufficient knowledge to observe the common duties of civilized life. They are left by their teachers in "invincible ignorance" as to the chief elements of morality, or even decency. In the Swiss case an ultramontane vicar refused to baptize the child of a gentleman, a Liberal Catholic, who was a member of his church. The civil authorities were induced to interfere, provided the parents with an escort, and a Liberal Catholic clergyman to perform the ceremony. The party proceeded with the infant to the church. But here they were assailed by an ultramontane mob of women and boys, who had closed the church doors against them, and drove them away with showers of stones. Several persons were injured, and the lives of the party in evident danger. The government, however, now interfered more effectively, expelled the ultramontane priest from the parish, and opened the church to the Liberal Catholics. In another instance in Switzerland the ultramontane priest refused to permit a Liberal Catholic to be buried in his church-yard, and excited a riotous interference with the funeral procession. The priest was afterward punished. A similar instance recently occurred in Ohio. A Mrs. M——, whose husband had deserted her for ten years, and was supposed to be dead, had married a second time by a civil marriage. She was a devout Roman Catholic, but when she was dying the priest refused her absolution unless she would consent to separate from her husband and declare her child illegitimate. She refused indignantly, and died unabsolved, yet expressing the wish that she should be buried in the family ground in the cemetery of the church she had attended. The brothers and sisters prepared her funeral, but the Irish priest declared that he would resist by force an attempt to proceed with the rite, and expelled the dead from its last coveted resting-place. At the tomb one might suppose all human passion must be stilled, in the grave-yard all may well sleep peacefully together. The ultramontanes alone war upon the dead, and would cast out the ashes of those they hate from the sacred ground.


TOWN AND CASTLE OF ACAPULCO, MEXICO—SCENE OF THE RECENT MASSACRE.

The ultramontane massacre of a Protestant congregation in Acapulco, Mexico, as related in the San Francisco papers, revives the memories of the persecutions of the Vaudois or the slaughter of the Spanish reformers. Acapulco is a prosperous city on the Pacific coast, a favorite port for passing steamers. Here a small Protestant congregation had grown up, embracing about fifty members, among whom was the chief of the city police, and also a Mr. Diaz, a cultivated and popular citizen. Their pastor was a Mr. Hutchinson, who was detained in his house by sickness the night of the massacre, and thus escaped. The existence of a Protestant church in their midst has, it seems, excited intense hostility among the Roman Catholics, and their zeal was fired by the exhortations of their ultramontane priest, who never ceased to urge his people to suppress the heretical assembly. He threatened to call in the Indians from the mountains to carry out his design. The authorities warned him to desist from his dangerous course. He persisted. At length one night, January 26, while the Protestants were worshiping in their little chapel, the mob, armed with knives and pistols, assembled at the door. Among them, as the priest had suggested, were many Indians. A young Indian, armed with a knife hidden under his cloak, was the first to enter. He walked up the aisle, amidst the faithful worshipers, crying out, "Death to the Protestants," and struck Mr. Diaz with his knife, hacking and wounding him severely. His companions followed him in great numbers. A horrible spectacle followed. Several of the congregation were killed, ten were wounded. One of them, an American, who went out to address the mob outside, was shot at once. His wife, a Mexican woman, seizing a pistol, shot down the Indian who began the attack; he has since died. Several of the Protestants were armed, and defended themselves bravely. The Catholics, being greatly superior in numbers, cut and slashed them with their *machetes*, and would evidently have left none alive had not the garrison of the city now arrived and put an end to the massacre. They arrested fifty of the rioters, and it is probable that the priest and his followers will not escape the punishment they merit. It remains yet to be seen whether the ultramontane prelates of America and Europe will venture to condemn this cura's murderous zeal; nor is it easy to discover how he is less worthy of canonization than a Loyola or a Torquemada. He was, in fact, only executing the mandate of an infallible papacy, imitating the example of an Innocent or a Pius. Yet it is to this extreme form of Romanism, which leads necessarily to outrages on the dead, to insults to the living, to riot and murder, that we are asked to intrust the education of our children, and even the conduct of our political affairs; we are invited to abandon our common schools, and encourage the brutal ignorance which is the real cause of the violence and crime of the ultramontanes.

That the ultramontanes have abandoned none of those immoral and odious principles which they have taught in all past ages may be seen from the most recent works that have come from the pontifical press. The Jesuits, Gury and Liberatore, who have received the approval of Pius IX. (1872), teach a code of morals that authorizes murder and incites to every crime. An oath, they tell us, is not binding unless there was an intent to swear; a Jesuit may, for the purposes of his religion, profess to be a Protestant, and even perform the part of a Protestant priest; a man may set poison or a snare for his enemy, and if he perishes, may yet be free from crime; a servant may rob his master, provided he thinks he is not sufficiently paid; a priest may procure a death-bed donation contrary to law, and the Pope will sustain the gift; a seducer need not marry his victim; a parent may abandon his children and send them to a foundling asylum; a ruler or prince may be assassinated—assassination is allowed as a remedy against usurpation or any holding of an official station that seems a usurpation in the Jesuit code; and finally, Liberatore tells us, the state is subject to the Sovereign Pontiff, and must obey him as the "visible monarch of God's realm on earth." The bull *Unam Sanctam*, upon which Dr. Manning founds his chief argument, plainly defines the complete subjection of all temporal powers to the Pope.

These political principles are maintained in all the Jesuitical writings from the days of Pascal to our own. They are sanctioned by the authority of Pius IX. Nor can it be wondered that Prince Bismarck should expel so dangerous a community from the German Empire, or that the assassin Kullmann should so nearly have effected his aim, that the Jesuits are feared and banished from so many lands, and have won so dangerous an influence over the corrupt politicians of our own, or that they have at last assumed a perfect control over the Papal Church. The Pope is only their feeble spokesman; through him they have won an undivided empire over the bishops and priests of the Roman faith. The teachings of Gury and Liberatore must control the whole future policy of the papal body. There is now no room for dissent, and all intelligent Roman Catholics must admit with shame, and even horror, that counsels born of Italian and Spanish ignorance and vice rule in the Church of Fénelon, and threaten the peace of human society. Long before Mr. Gladstone had suggested the question of a divided allegiance we had discovered in the New World to what dangers, what final ruin to freedom, the ultramontane policy must lead. We lived among its extreme corruptions, and saw all its terrors. Its natural fruits are massacres like that at Acapulco, riots in Canada, disorders in Germany, fear, discord, and public robbery in New York. Here, however, we have a reme-

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN SWITZERLAND—A BAPTISM AT COMPESIÈRES.

dy. We can amend our political evils at the polls. There is always hope for a republican government in the good sense of the majority. We need only to unite to drive from power every trace of ultramontanism, with all its vicious principles, all its corrupt supporters. Ignorance is the chief stay of this foreign element among us; its only complete remedy a rigid compulsory system of public education. In every school of the Sacred Heart, Jesuit seminary, or ultramontane college the massacre of Acapulco will be told with exultation, and the principles of GURY and LIBERATORE be impressed upon the young; in every American free school humanity is taught and civilization defended.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

GERMAN STOVES.

IT is a proverb in Germany that in Russia you only see the cold, whereas in Germany you feel it. In palaces, it is true, the system of warming by Russian flues is much adopted, so that an equal temperature prevails in the halls, galleries, and staircases; but such arrangements can not be carried out in "home life." Fuel is immensely expensive in Germany, and is becoming more so with every year. Formerly, in good houses, nothing but wood was burned, but for this the old-fashioned *Berliner Kachelofen* was necessary, and the hardest beech-wood indispensable. This kind of stove resembles a huge monument, and is built (of a great thickness) of a sort of concrete, composed of clay and gypsum, the outsides glazed with white porcelain; the interior is so contrived that the heat passes slowly through endless circumvolutory valves, by degrees warming the whole mass. The interior of the stove, preparatory to heating, is well piled up with wood, a strong draught is created, and when the logs are reduced to ashes, a handle is turned in the wall of the stove, a little door is drawn over the grating at its mouth, and the draught being thus cut off, the heated air remains imprisoned in the *Ofen*, which will keep warm for many hours, and to the remotest corner of the room an equalized heat will result. The drawback to this arrangement lies in the fact that if the escape-valves be closed too soon, the fumes of charcoal will pass into the room, and in a sleeping apartment the danger of asphyxiation is great. During very cold weather such casualties are by no means uncommon, especially among the lower orders, who, unwilling to waste any of the heat, are sometimes tempted to close the escape-valves too soon, and retiring to rest early, reap the consequences of their fatal economy. But the cast-iron stove frequently replaces in modern houses our solid old friend the *Berliner Ofen*. These cast-iron stoves are unhealthy, hideous, and unpleasant, while their "ineffectual fires" alternately scorch and choke you. They produce a furnace-like heat, affecting taste, smell, and sight, the unpleasant consequences of which are but very slightly counteracted by the vessel of water which you are advised to keep constantly boiling on the hottest part of the iron. When the water boils, the steam which passes into the room slightly relieves one from the distressing sensations produced by the dry heat; but the moment the fire goes out, the iron becomes cold, and the temperature at once sinks to as many degrees below as it was half an hour ago above zero. Wood can not be burned in these stoves, as it would flare away too quickly, without, as in the case of the *Berliner Ofen*, leaving any genial warmth behind; so coal or peat, or a mixture of both, is employed, producing results disastrous to cleanliness. The thick brown smoke puffs out into the room, and the muslin curtains look grimy as soon as put up. Some of my old-fashioned friends used to declare that the expense of washing counterbalanced the cheapest kind of fuel, and they stuck to their concrete stoves with conservative affection. In some modern houses the Berlin stove will have an opening like an English fire-place, but this is confessedly a luxury, a concession to the eye, for the real business is done by the useful concrete at the back. It is almost superfluous to observe how much work is saved to servants by this institution of stoves. No bright grates, no polished steel fenders and fire-irons and ormulu; no black-lead mysteries, no rotten-stone and emery paper and chamois leather. The wood is shoved in and piled up, a light is set to it, the flames go roaring upward, the handle is presently turned, and the room will keep warm for the next eight or ten hours.

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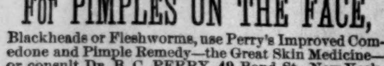

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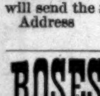

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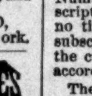

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LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER............ " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)................ " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.................. " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.......... " 48

Vol. V.

LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER............... " 4
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ENGLISH-WALKING JACKET SUIT....... " 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front............ " 43
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MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt............ " 19
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CUIRASS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.... " 43
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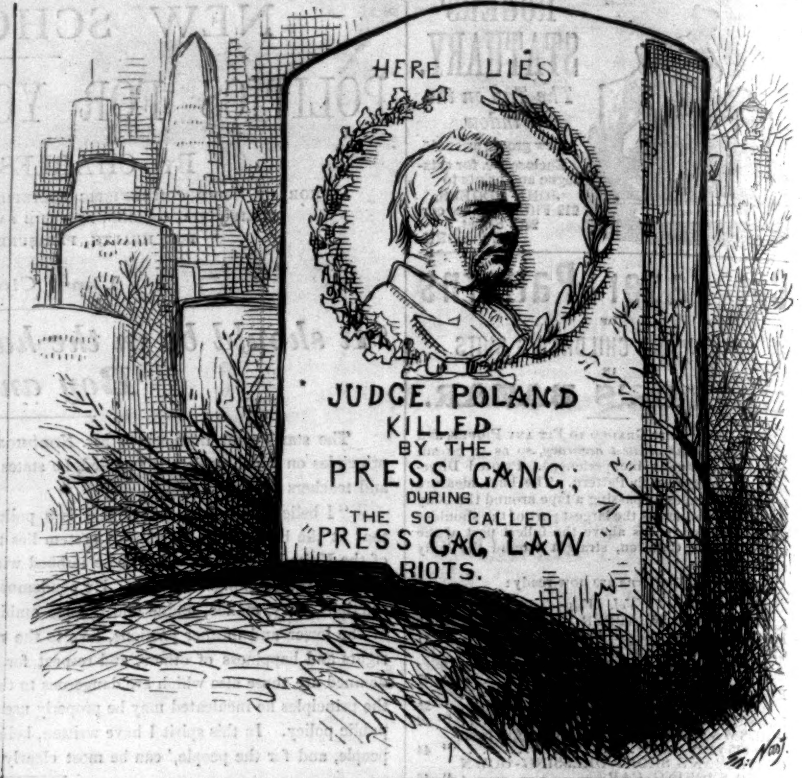

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A LAND SLIP IN A MOUNTAIN PASS—A NARROW ESCAPE.—[SEE PAGE 226.]

A LAND SLIP.

OUR illustration on the preceding page will be appreciated by every one who has made a foot tour through Switzerland or the Tyrol. The passes usually traversed by pedestrians are made tolerably secure by good paths, with guard railings where the narrow way lies along the face of a precipice; and those who crave the excitement of a little danger must seek it by climbing the higher peaks, where a precarious foot-hold is cut with the axe in the hard and slippery crust of the unmelting snow. Sometimes, however, as in the adventure we illustrate, a slip of earth and rocks from above exposes the tourist to imminent danger. In this case the earth avalanche has evidently swept across the narrow pathway without warning just in advance of the tourists, crushing the rude railing with its weight, and perhaps making a break in the path itself, which may be difficult and perilous to cross. Had they been a few steps in advance, the heavy mass of earth and rocks would have hurled them over the precipice to certain death. The suddenness of the danger is indicated by the terror with which the girl clings to her companion, and the dropping of her alpenstock, which is swept into the abyss beneath them.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

WE give on this page illustrations of a new torpedo boat built at London for the Argentine Republic. This boat is designed to carry the torpedo at the end of a long pole projecting from the bow. Propelled by steam-power, it can attack suddenly, and if necessary proceed some distance out to sea in pursuit of an enemy; but vessels of this class usually work under cover of darkness, when their movements can be least observed.

The method of attack is as follows: On going into action the torpedo pole is lowered beneath the surface of the water, and the torpedo is driven with great force against the side of the enemy's ship, the explosion taking place at the moment of contact. The extent of the damage inflicted will depend upon the size and composition of the torpedo and the resistance offered by the strength of the object against which it is driven; but one important feature must be borne in mind, that, as the explosion takes place at the very instant of striking, it has a much greater effect than it would have if there was even a small space of water between the torpedo and the ship's side. It has been found that with ordinary charges, if the explosion takes place ten feet below the surface of the water, at the end of a pole projecting about twenty-five feet beyond the bow, the attacking boat, if well built and properly handled, runs but little danger of sustaining damage, while the force of the explosion may send the largest iron-clad to the bottom.

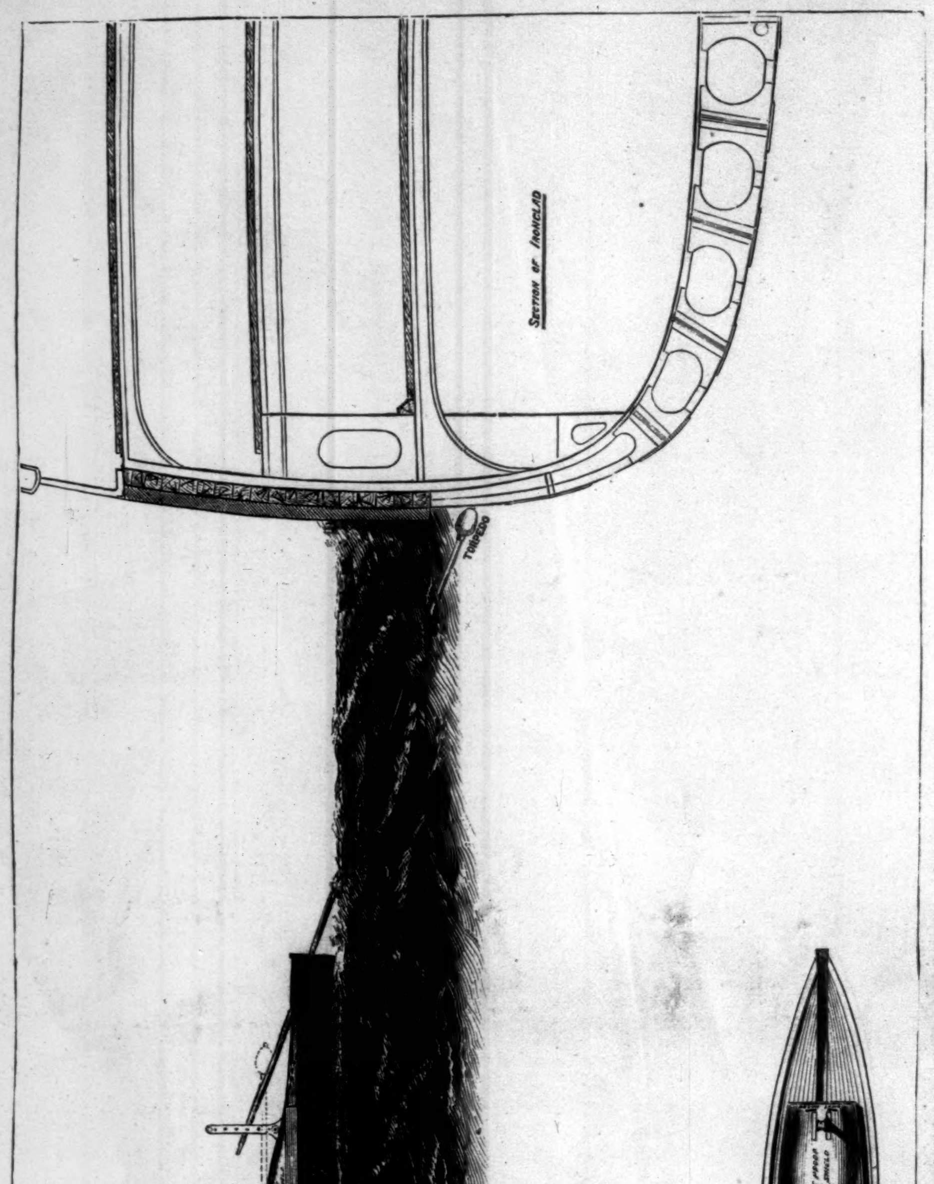
The boat constructed for the Argentine Republic is furnished with an electrical battery, and the torpedo is not exploded by percussion, but as the electric circuit is completed by contact on striking the enemy's ship, all the advantages of the percussion system in causing an explosion at the proper moment for effective damage are obtained, while at the same time, as the battery in the boat can be disconnected with the torpedo at pleasure, the explosion is completely under the control of the officer in command. This feature greatly reduces the risk of handling such dangerous weapons. When going into action the crew are protected from rifle-shots by sliding steel shields. The boat, of which sketches are given, is fifty-five feet in length and seven feet beam. It is built throughout of iron and steel, is partially decked over, to withstand a considerable sea, and is propelled by a pair of high-pressure engines of sixty horse-power. It is capable of making a continuous run of seventy miles in five hours, but for short distances a much higher rate of speed can be obtained.

The importance of torpedoes, chiefly as a means of harbor defense, is now acknowledged by every nation which has a coast-line to guard against hostile demonstrations. The earliest method of employing them was to anchor them at the mouths of the threatened rivers or harbors, and the explosion was caused either by percussion or by means of electric batteries from the shore. But, in the first case, the hostile ship may not strike the torpedo; in the second, a little haze or the smoke of guns may prevent the observer on shore from seeing exactly when the torpedo should be exploded; and if neither of these contingencies should arise, the electrical attachments may not work at the proper instant. In fact, with stationary torpedoes the chances are rather in favor of the hostile ship; so much so, indeed, that Commodore JEFFERS, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy Department, says, in his last annual report, "Little reliance is to be placed in stationary torpedoes for the defense of important harbors, the radius of their destructive effects being quite limited." It has been proved in England by experiments, to which Commodore JEFFERS gives attention, that these torpedoes, containing a charge equal to nearly a ton of powder, can be exploded within a short distance of a ship without doing any serious harm.

Experience having shown that the really dangerous torpedo is the movable one, attached to a strong, swift, and easily handled boat, propelled by steam-power, with which an enemy's ship can be attacked and struck, our own and the European governments are now giving the closest attention to the construction of these formidable means of defense. A year ago last November, when there was some danger of a rupture with Spain, a torpedo boat of great size and terrible powers of destruction was launched at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. It was designed on a new principle, presenting features until then unknown in our navy, and combining the properties of a torpedo boat and a powerful steam-ram. The extreme length of this vessel is 173 feet; breadth of beam, twenty-eight feet; depth, thirteen feet. It is divided into a series of water-tight compartments, which can be flooded or emptied at pleasure, so that the vessel can be made to sink under water until, if necessary, only a foot remains above the surface. In action nothing can be seen above the decks but an iron-plated pilot-house, a smoke-stack, and grated hatchways. The pilot-house, however, need not be occupied on such occasions, as the vessel could be steered from the engine-room below. She is fitted with three masts, constructed so as to be lowered out of sight during an engagement, but if found necessary they can be run up and sail put on at a moment's notice.

The propelling machinery of this boat is of extraordinary power, and she is capable of attaining great speed. The "ram" tapers downward from the bow, and projects in a horizontal direction a distance of forty feet under the water. At the extreme point of this ram is a bar carrying the torpedo, which can be discharged by electricity on striking the enemy's ship. Torpedo bars on the sides allow of the explosion of these deadly weapons with effect when alongside an enemy, and unable for any cause to attack with the formidable ram.

The development of the torpedo-boat system can not fail to change the whole system of naval war. Another great war may be necessary to convince the world that the day of immense ships of war has really passed, but to this conclusion it must come in time. Meanwhile the European governments go on expending vast sums of money in building iron monsters, whose formidable sides may be impregnable to the heaviest cannon-shot, but which a few hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine, exploded in contact with their unarmored sides under water, would send to the bottom before the crew knew what had happened to them. Even little states like Sweden and Denmark, which can only play at naval war, and at best require only harbor defenses, are wasting upon the construction of broadside iron-clads the money that could be much more usefully expended upon projects for the development and improvement of their domestic resources. Denmark's importance as a naval power died with the destruction of her fleet by NELSON, and Sweden never had any to speak of. For such states to build iron-clads is an absurd exhibition of vanity. They are of no use for offensive purposes, and for defense a system of torpedoes would be vastly more effective.

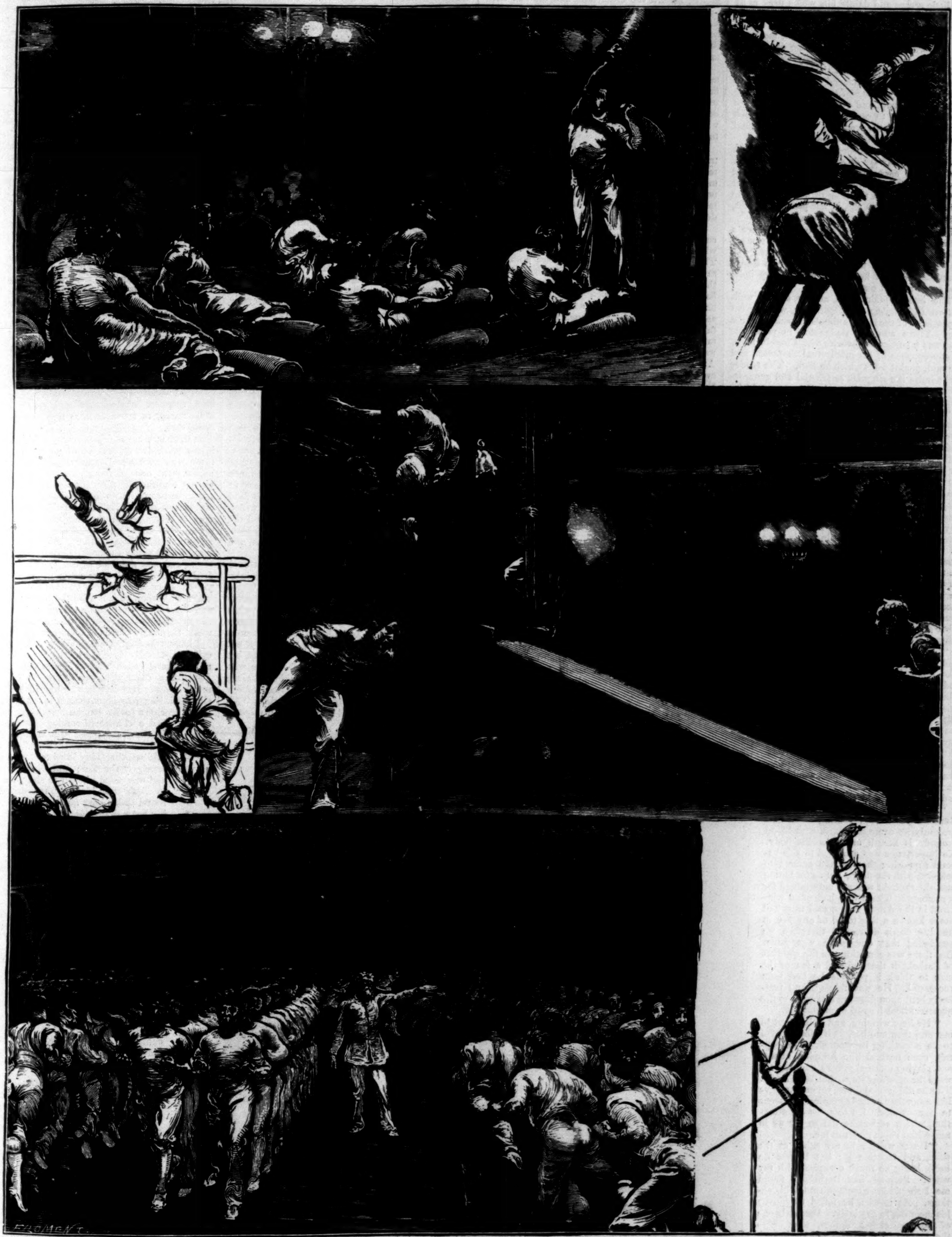


SUBMARINE WARFARE—NEW TORPEDO STEAM-LAUNCH.

GERMAN GYMNASTS.

GYMNASTIC games are of very ancient origin. HOMER mentions them in the Iliad, in a passage where the Greeks are described as contending at quoits and throwing the javelin, and in another passage where Achilles institutes games in honor of Patroclus, and distributes prizes to the victors for boxing, wrestling, throwing the quoit, chariot-racing, etc. According to PLATO, just before the time of HIPPOCRATES gymnastics were made a part of medical study, as tending to counteract the effects of luxurious indulgence. At length they became a state matter, were reduced to a system, and superintended by officers of the state. The first public gymnasia were built by the Lacedæmonians, an example followed at Athens. The Spartans were rigid in exacting a gymnastic training for the youth. Even the girls were expected to be good gymnasts, and no young woman could be married till she had publicly exhibited her proficiency in various exercises.

During the Middle Ages the tournament superseded nearly every other sport, except the use of the quarter-staff, archery, foot-racing, and wrestling, and gymnastics fell nearly into disuse. There was no serious attempt at their revival till the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when, in Germany, bodily exercise was united with other instruction. About 1810 the system was widely spread by JAHN, who may be regarded as the founder of the present *Turnverein*. Prussia was then chafing under the Napoleonic rule, and JAHN conceived the project of bringing together the young men for the practice of gymnastic exercises, and at the same time to fire their minds with patriotic sentiments. The plan was favored by the King of Prussia, and gymnastic schools were opened all over Germany. When in 1813 the Germans were called to arms against the French, all the gymnastic pupils who were old enough to perform military service joined the army. JAHN himself commanded a battalion. After the close of the war he returned to his gymnastic schools. But the Prussian government, at that time dreading free thought and liberal ideas, which were supposed to be inculcated at these gatherings, closed the schools and sent JAHN to prison. The revolution of 1848 was signalized by the re-opening of the German *Turnverein*, and the Germans have since carried the institution with them into England and brought it to America. The first society in this country was formed in New York, but similar associations soon spread all over the United States.



GERMAN GYMNASTS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

GENEROSITY.

AN anecdote, curiously similar to that which has been related of two cats, has just been sent to me.

There was a cat whose kittens had been rescued from danger by her master, to whom she formed a devoted attachment. During his last illness she never left his room except for the purpose of procuring food, and even then she ate it hastily, and rushed up stairs again as fast as possible. One day, in order to show her gratitude and affection, she went and caught a mouse, which she laid on his pillow.

I have always thought that the good qualities of the cat have seldom been appreciated at their just worth. This one trait of generosity, which we all agree in considering as one of the noblest characteristics of man, is developed very greatly in the cat, which, instead of being a greedy, selfish animal, as we are generally told, is really a very unselfish and generous one, capable of great self-sacrifice, and for objects which appear hardly worthy of it.

The following anecdote of generosity in a cat was told me by Mr. Zwecker, the well-known artist, to whom I am indebted for so many admirable illustrations.

A friend of his had a couple of tame sea-gulls which ranged the garden freely, one wing of each being clipped, to prevent them from flying away. He had also a fine young cat, which struck up an oddly assorted friendship with the gulls. After a while she evidently compassionated their crippled condition, and thought that it prevented them from hunting. So she set to work at hunting for them, and was in the habit of bringing them little birds and mice, which they ate with the solemn satisfaction of a gull at meals. It is astonishing, by-the-way, what a large morsel a gull can swallow. I have often seen a gull take a large slice of bread-and-butter by the middle, and, in spite of the narrowness of its beak, the bird contrived to swallow the slice without putting it down or breaking it, and, apparently, without much effort.

The following account of generosity on the part of a cat was sent to me by a lady living near Brighton. I knew both the animals mentioned. "Nelly" was a large, black, silken-haired retriever, and a great favorite.

"In the hot weather our large dog Nelly, whom you admired so much, used to be chained under a large oak in the grounds at the back of the house, just within sight of her kennel and the yard door. This was done that she might have the comfort of the cool position during the heat of the day, and at the same time command the back entrance to the house. This, however, took her away from the neighborhood of the cook, and